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THE
LAST LAYS
OF THE
LAST OF THE THREE DIBDINS:

CONTAINING

FIFTY NEW SONGS, POEMS, &c.

AND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY SELECTIONS

FROM HIS

PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED PRODUCTIONS.

BY T. DIBDIN,

AUTHOR OF

The Cabinet, English Fleet, Birthday, Jew and Doctor, Of Age To-morrow, School for Prejudice, Five Miles Off, Family Quarrels, St. David's Day, What Next! Past Ten o'Clock, Guilty or not Guilty! Naval Pillar, Mouth of the Nile, Nelson's Glory, Scraps, Horse and Widow, Il Bondocani, Rise and Fall, Two Faces under a Hood, Reprobate, Ruffian Boy, Three Generations, Thirty Thousand, White Plume, Five Thousand a-Year, America, Abyssinians, Queen of Golconda, Azim, Three Talismans, Garrick and his Double, Frederick and Voltaire, Three Paddies, Wheels within Wheels, Two Friends, Schneiderkins, Zuma, Miseries of Human Life, Hermit of Mount Pausilippo, Mouse-traps, Chapel in the Wood, Fate of Calas, Sunshine after Rain, Who's to have Her! Orange Boven, Errors Excepted, Don Giovanni, Banks of the Hudson, John of Calais, Small Profits, Will for the Deed, Harlequin Hoax, Siege of Troy, How to Write an Opera, Mother Goose, Bill of Fare, Valentine and Orson, Hermione, Poor Jack! Tom Jones, Roderick Random, Vicar of Wakefield, Ferdinand Count Fathom, Humphry Clinker, Sir Launcelot Greaves, Sicilians, Silver Swan, Give a Man Luck, Beauty in a Box, Two Gregories, Princess and no Princess, Every Body's Cousin, Jack in the Green, The Camelopard, Toss'd in a Blanket, Love Letters, Kouli Khan, Sadak and Kalasrade, Talisman of Orsmanes, Florence McCarthy, Heart of Mid-Lothian, Ivanhoe, Montrose, Kenilworth, Bride of Lammermoor, Pirate, Old Mortality, Charles XII., Widow and no Widow, Great Gentleman in the Little Parlour, Waggers in Wapping, or King Charles II., Prince and Policeman, Elephant of Siam, Fatal Island, Who's the Murderer! President and Peasant's Daughter, Devil and Dr. Faustus, All a Fetch! Ninth Statue, George the Third's Jubilee, Fifty Marriages and Forty-nine Murders, De L'Orme, Field of Cloth of Gold, Jemmy for Ever! Stop Thief! Stage without Horses, Blood will have Blood, Harper's Son, Malediction, Little Red Riding Hood, White Wolf, Paris Diligence, Scanderbeg, Red Man, Knights of the Lion, Court of Queen's Bench, Belisarius, Barbarossa, Three Times Three, Secret Mine, High-mettled Racer, Chevy Chase, Death of David Rizzio, Alonzo and Imogene, Uncle Jonathan, Mau and Marquis, Tag in Tribulation, Spoiled Children, Paul Jones, Sixes, Jocko, Lady of the Lake, Sull Dhu the Coliner, Wink! the Witch, Thirty-seven Fautonimes, Forty-one Burlettas; also a Metrical History of England, an Autobiography, a Versified Abridgment of the Pilgrim's Progress, &c. &c.

NULLA DIES SINE LINEA.

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DEDICATION.

TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Esq., M.P.

SIR: Could a single pen concentrate the energies of all whom your Bill in favour of Dramatic Authors has served, it would rather evince the wish, than the power, of adequately acknowledging our obligations. The humble attempt of an individual will, of consequence, be still less able to express more than regret at the absence of talent to display the ardency of his feelings, with a request that his powerless *will*, suing in *forma pauperis*, may be kindly accepted for the deed.

The advantages you have conferred are so multifariously prospective, that not only literary progeny, but *material* "children yet unborn," will be affected by results consecrating the memory of their author.

Had such a law been enacted thirty years back, the writer of this would, in his decline, have possessed a very considerable income; and will, even now, be able to divide, *cum grano salis*, the proceeds of that patronage which still honours his past labours, with those gentlemen-managers, prompters, and copyists, whose assumed prerogatives, perquisites, and pilferings, by private sale and resale of his manuscripts, have, for years, monopolized all such profits exclusively for themselves.

I have not, sir, therefore, merely to thank you for advantages to be experienced to-day or to-morrow; but may hope that, instead of sighing over imaginary success on the repetition of former *hits*, *my* playbill on the breakfast-table, by the operation of *your* Bill in the House, will now and then bring a breakfast *with* it; and, in handing it to my family, I shall triumphantly exclaim, "I have got a BULWER *this morning!*" for such will be the future synonyme for *bumper benefits*, and all consequent *bonuses* from the same kind source.

But this, sir, is *ludere cum sacris*; and I have already said more than sufficient to depict my inability to display as I ought my ardent appreciation of a GOOD ACT, which in your bosom will repay itself; and for which, sir, I have the honour to be, in common with many others,

Your truly obliged and devoted servant,

THOMAS DIBDIN.

August 1, 1833.

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THE LAST LAYS,

&c.

1. A WORD IN SEASON.

For years threescore, and somewhat more,
I've seen the opening SPRING;
The torpid swallow quit his earth,
And bud and blossom's smiling birth,
And heard the cuckoo sing.
And bank and blade array'd, I ween,
In gayest suit of loveliest GREEN!

For years threescore, and rather more,
I've seen the blushing rose,
Scented the hawthorn and the bean,
And every dazzling beauty seen
With which proud SUMMER glows;
And gorgeous flowers, from every bed,
Deck nature in her boldest RED.

For years threescore, and something more,
I've seen the ripen'd corn,
And heard the gleaner's rustic song,
The sportsman's shout, the vintage throng,
And all that to those joys belong
Which are of AUTUMN born;
When sheaves, and leaves, the YELLOW year
Adorn with nature's golden gear.*

* The accidentally redundant line in this stanza must be attributed to the prolific character of the season it attempts to celebrate.

For years threescore, and haply more,
 I've seen the little wren,
 And robin, seek from maiden hand
 The welcome food, while through the land
 Stalk'd WINTER from his den!
 Boughs beam with frost-form'd diamonds bright,
 And nature drest in snowy WHITE.

And what of this? If fading age
 Read in each falling leaf a page,*
 Let sanguine youth, while yet there's time
 Make profit from the well-meant rhyme.

Birds, buds, and fruit, and flowers, to me
 Have shown each sweet variety,
 While *man* I've seen, alas! at best,
 Not as array'd in nature's vest,
 But in chameleon colours drest.

To hope, in blooming SPRING of years,
 Friendship in changeless tint appears,
 Ere manhood's SUMMER reach its noon,
 Friendship may fade, and shou'd, too soon,
 AUTUMNAL fortune, false and fickle,
 Put in her oft unsparing sickle,
 Then hopes and friendships, once "so dear,"
 Will "fall into the yellow sear!"
 And poverty, intruding fast,
 Bite keener than the WINTRY blast:
 Times then get slippery, ice bound all;
 E'en tears are frozen ere they fall!

What colour now does MAN assume?
 Hypocrisy nor time nor room
 Has now for flattery's hue or breath,
 MAN wears the livery of DEATH!

Let, then, in YOUTH's incipient morn,
 BENEVOLENCE with SPRING be born;
 As manhood hastens on the dream,
 RELIGION be our SUMMER beam,

* "The yellow leaf falling presents the wise page."—O' Keefe.

So AUTUMN, fruitful in decay,
 Shall lay up joys for that sure day,
 When WINT'RY clouds like visions fly
 And sunshine gilds ETERNITY!

2. VALEDICTORIES.

Spes et Fortuna, both Valet!

(Two fickle jades, let who will court 'em!)
 Ye leave me, deaf to all entreaty,
 Ere I can say "*inveni portum.*"

TRANSLATED:—HOPE and FORTUNE's *tottles*,
 (See HUME,) ye ne'er, alas! were mine
 I have seen through your empty bottles,
 But ne'er cou'd say "*I've found the wine.*"

OR THUS:—Good-natured once I thought ye,
 And yet my welcome has been poor,
 For, in your mansions, when I sought ye,
 You show'd me (what "*I've found*) *the door!*"

3.

MOTHER GOOSE, if she can, will take leave like a SWAN,
 "Fading in song," and dying;
 Her laugh, once so rude, now a little subdued:
 Yet any thing rather than crying.

4.

How D'YE DO, and GOOD-BYE! are beginning and end,
Omega and *alpha* of life,
 Parenthetical landmarks, whose limits extend
 To all the relations of life.

To parents, love, offspring, and friends (one or two
 Of the latter to find you may try,)
 One half our time's past asking "how do you do?"
 And the other in bidding "good-bye!"

From which, in the shape of a moral I mean
 To infer, we our minds should apply,
 To be cautious through life of all converse *between*
 Every "how do you do?" and "good-bye!"

5. LOCAL.

Ye Thespian Majors and Minors, to you
 Who my Muse in her infancy petted,
 Farewell, oh farewell! and a long, long adieu
 To good times, now too often regretted!

First, memory tells of SADLER'S WELLS,
 My scene of incipient glory,
 Where my harlequins gay first caper'd away,
 And, without a *word*, told all my story.

To *Manchester*, *Maidstone*, and *Tunbridge*, where seeds
 Of good fortune were sown, and all know it,
 When CUMBERLAND, DOWTON, and liberal LEEDS,
 Conspired to suppose me a poet.

Adieu! and, dear *old* COVENT GARDEN, to thee
 Farewell! I've no time to hold parley
 With feelings, while HARRIS in fancy I see,
 And good-hearted, talented FARLEY.

New DRURY, good-bye, in my memory green
 Are many of whom death bereft us,
 Since here I was first London Prompter to KEAN,
 Who, like my good fortune, has left us.

Yet, two words! my readers I hope won't be vexed
 If a moment I grow rather prosy,
 And conjure up DOWTON—in what? in “What Next?”
 And MUNDEN still living in “DOZEY.”

HAYMARKET, farewell! not the *New* but the *Old*,
 Where urbanity happier made me
 Than FINGER-POSTS pointing to fairly earned gold,
 Which GUILTY OR NOT well repaid me.

To thy ENGLISH OPERA, kind ARNOLD, adieu!
 Where HARLEQUIN HOAX was well treated,
 May your dome, phœnix-like, all its best days renew,
 'Till you 're tired of ditto repeated!

My next reminiscence is burthened and pain'd
 With scenes not forgot in a hurry,
 Where GIOVANNI and SCOTT couldn't save all I'd gain'd,
 And was fated to lose at the SURREY.

Adieu, old PHIL. ASTLEY, to enterprise prone,
 Who ventured to purchase my pieces,
 And, what was more hazardous, called 'em his own,
 Which critical wonder increases.

Adieu to his son, who enlisted the Muse
 In a service that didn't disgrace her;
 Had he twenty successors, they'd hardly refuse
 Another smart "High-Mettled Racer."

QUEEN'S—COBURG—OLYMPIC, my pen says adieu!
 To my profit you little employ'd it;
 "THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH" gave a verdict, 'tis
 true,
 In my favour, but others enjoyed it.

Adieu to anxieties, public appeals,
 Lamps, traps, tricks, and changes surprising,
 And nervous sensations a Manager feels
 Every night, when he finds his *Lights rising*.

Adieu to Good-bye! I'll no more say Farewell!
 But make a stage bow while retreating,
 With fancied applause, while I modestly tell,
 "This attempt—we sha'n't think of repeating."

6. SONG.

MY ANCHOR AND COMPASS.

O life is an ocean, where tempests from far
 Endanger our peace and repose;
 And care fires his broadsides, to keep up the war
 With the passions, our natural foes.
 What tack shall we try then? for safety where run?
 How fly from the breakers of fate?
 What harbour from sorrow? I know but of one—
 My anchor and compass is KATE.
 False friendship oft changes a calm to a storm;
 Love's frowns may give birth to a squall;
 Dissension the sweet calm of peace may deform;
 To be poor, is worse weather than all!

Then how to find shelter ; what course shall we steer?
 Good sense be my master and mate,
 True love be my pilot, then what need I fear,
 While my anchor and compass is KATE.

Of your purse-strings the doctor may haul in a reef,
 The lawyer steer close to the mark,
 But, for all their fine tricks, 'tis my honest belief,
 One's a grampus, the other a shark.
 Then keep your helm steady, boys, thus, and go clear
 A-midways, though danger be great,
 Neither rocks, shoals, nor quicksands, nor breezes, I'll fear,
 While my anchor and compass is KATE.

Should prosperity fill ye an o'erswelling sail,
 Haul down a top-gallant or two;
 Should adversity blow, and you'd weather the gale,
 Work at industry's pumps till all's blue :
 Should your crew be increased by dad Hymen, what then ?
 Let such blessings come early or late,
 To me all are welcome, tho' eight, nine, or ten,
 While my anchor and compass is KATE.

7. INTERESTING TO BONNS VIVANTS.

Says Fred. "if *one* day I exceed,
 The next, I'm very ill indeed!
 Thus, taking too much wine on Sunday,
 I find "Sic transit gloria" MONDAY.

8. ALFRED AND JESSY.

A West Country Legend.

Borne by the chill north-eastern breeze,
 In circling eddies ride
 The yellow leaves from half-stripp'd trees,
 For it is autumn-tide.

The sun, as red as red may be,
 And large, through fog, retires;
 Slow sinking in the distant sea
 Recede his fading fires.

And distant echo mocks the horn
 Of the last coach on the road;
 And the last foot-traveller, forlorn,
 Seeks safety and abode.

And yew-trees, yielding to the blast,
 In forms that seem to change,
 O'er the lone dreary churchyard cast
 A semblance wild and strange!

And voices, murm'ring in the wood
 That skirts the shadowy way,
 Seem bodements of no purpos'd good
 In the closing twilight gray.

And yet it saves at least a mile,
 A mile, or may be two,
 To those who dare, o'er yon old stile,
 That thicket venture through.

Beyond the entrance, through the copse,
 Where the sighing wind complains,
 A felon form to fragments drops
 From hoarsely-creaking chains.

With timid caution glancing round,
 As through the gloom you glide,
 A white post marks a narrow mound,
 The grave of a suicide!

Those startling signs of crime and death
 Pass'd with unconscious haste,
 And half-drawn, half-suspended, breath,
 You gain a houseless waste.

An antique chapel there is seen,
 Whose pinnacle, embrown'd
 With ivy, peeps those tufts between,
 By which yon hill is crown'd.

And there, in contrast with the shade,
 An alabaster urn
 Records the virtues of a maid
 In "words and thoughts that burn."

And when the wanderer gains at last
 His inn, should he relate
 The thrilling horrors he has pass'd,
 And ask the felon's fate;
 And *his*, the wretched suicide;
 And why the marble cold
 Encloses her who blameless died?
 Their tale may thus be told:
 Within the limits of that wood,
 Deserted now and wild,
 An unpretending cottage stood,
 On which each trav'ler smiled.
 There's scarce a plant or flow'ret grows
 By nature or by care,
 From wild clematis to the rose,
 But once was cultured there.
 It was a sweet sequester'd nook;
 And round the garden gay,
 'Twixt violet banks, a little brook
 In sparkling sport would play.
 And thyme and scented briar green,
 Hawthorn and lily fair,
 And distant blossom from the bean
 Commingled with the air.
 And what sweet bird of wildest note,
 Or soft, or loud, or clear,
 E'er sang with more melodious throat
 Than those which warbled there?
 There JESSY liv'd: all fancy, love,
 And goodness could impart,
 Beam'd through each beauty, form'd to prove
 A transcript of the heart.
 It is a doctrine rather old,
 Perchance it may be true,
 That nature ne'er creates *one* mould,
 But what's design'd for two.
 Be that hypothesis or truth,
 As far as mind and mien
 In *man* could match with JESSY's youth,
 So match'd was ALFRED seen.

And if a counterpart appear
 Where all of good has birth,
 A foil is also found, we fear,
 To ev'ry gem on earth!
 HANS HELMAN chanc'd the maid to view,
 And fancied he could love;
 And so he did, as kindly too,
 As hawks affect the dove.
 Young ALFRED woo'd, and would have wed;
 HANS curs'd his rival's fate,
 And swore to prove on ALFRED's head
 How deadly HANS could hate.
 A daisied spot was known full well
 To many a rustic then,
 'Twas whilom call'd "the Lover's Dell,"
 But now the "Murderer's Glen."
 The setting sun saw JESSY leave
 Her cottage home to meet
 Her ALFRED, on their bridal eve,
 In that belov'd retreat:
 And he, once more to pledge his troth,
 So punctual to the hour
 Arrived, that in one instant both
 Were at the "trysting bower."
 The sun, as I have said, declin'd,
 And all was calm and still,
 Save aspens, flick'ring to the wind,
 Which now grew cold and chill.
 O'er JESSY, ALFRED threw his cloak,
 To ward the ev'ning blast,
 As JESSY, shuddering, softly spoke
 Of footsteps that had pass'd.
 At her request the youth essay'd
 To learn who might be near,
 And, for an instant, left the maid
 A prey to nameless fear.
 Alas! what will not passion dare?
 (With envy's heart and head:)
 HANS, Satan-like, had seen the pair
 A second Eden tread.

Stung that she scorn'd to be his wife,
 Love fir'd him less than pride
 To sacrifice a rival's life,
 In hopes to gain the bride.

HANS, blinded, only saw the cloak;
 True to his aim, the ball
 Pierc'd JESSY; HANS deem'd through the smoke
 He saw her ALFRED fall.

The dread report, the fearful shriek,
 Awoke the silent dell,
 While ALFRED, past all pow'r to speak,
 Beside his JESSY fell.

The murd'rer learn'd his fruitless guilt,
 Yet such his fiendlike pride,
 When justice claim'd the blood he spilt,
 In sullen calm he died.

From hapless ALFRED reason fled,
 'Tis hoped, ere rashly he,
Self-number'd with the guilty dead,
 Defied the Deity!

No juries in that day were found
 Such deeds to deem insane;
 And ALFRED, in unhallow'd ground,
 Was sentenced to remain

Inhum'd where nigh, suspended high,
 No grave HANS HELMAN owns,
 But storms that rend the wint'ry sky
 Have blanch'd his felon bones.

For JESSY, e'er love madden'd guilt;
 Bade ALFRED seek her shade;
 That tomb the dying lover built
 Where sleeps the MURDER'D MAID!

9. SONG.

MAIDEN SCRUPLES REMOVED.

Adown, adown, adown,
 In a valley far from town,
 Where breezes o'er blue violets were sporting, O !
 I remember very well,
 " On a day as it befel,"
 How a likely lad a lovely lass was courting, O !

He ask'd her for his spouse,
 Swore her breath beat all his cows ;
 To fruit and flow'rs her lips and cheeks comparing, O !
 And, that very night, he said,
 If she'd consent to wed,
 A ring he'd surely bring her for a fairing, O !

She heard him speak his mind,
 And on her hand reclined
 Her pretty rosy cheek, to hide her blushes, O !
 While leaning o'er a brook,
 Unconsciously she took
 Water-lilies from their beds among the rushes, O !

" As these water-lilies die,
 " So," said she, " must you and I ;
 " And though you've call'd me Goddess, Grace, and Venus, O !
 " Out of books, it is but right,
 " Ere you fetch the ring to-night,
 " We should speak a little honest truth between us, O !"

" My Patty, dear," said he,
 " You've heard"—" Nothing more," said she,
 " Than what you've said to Mary, Kate, or Nancy, O !
 " But, I speak it to my shame,
 " You've got such an ugly name,
 " That it does not, somehow, please at all my fancy, O !"

"I've a name," said he, "it's true,
 "For dearly loving you,
 "For wrestling, and single-stick, and singing, O!
 "And there is'nt for your sake,
 "A head I wou'd'nt break,
 "Or a peal of bells I wou'd'nt keep a-ringing, O!"

"Such clever things as these
 "Cannot fail a maid to please,
 "But the name you've got," said she, "and I complain of, O!
 "Is:"—"Well," said he, "I know,
 "Folks call me HONEST JOE;
 "And that's a thing I'm not a little vain of, O!"

"But, sir," said she,—“Ods bobs!”
 He replied, “My name is DOBBS,
 "And, if too insignificant, I'll gladly, O!
 "With this nonsense to have done,
 "And oblige you, add a son,
 "And surely Mrs. DOBSON won't sound badly, O!"

Altho' I thought it strange,
 She consented to exchange
 Her own name, on that fair proposed condition, O!
 They got wed, and daily thrive,
 To that son succeeded *five*,
 And six or seven daughters in addition, O!

10. FREE TRANSLATION.

Bob bought three beautiful chandeliers,
 And, forgetting to pay, (for at times he was flighty,)

While law set the seller and Bob by the ears,
 He hung 'em all up, *pendente lite*.

11. SONG.

Written for an intended Lyrical Edition of Æsop's Fables.

Æsop, we're told, had a hump behind,
 Was crooked, club-footed, and lame of a knee ;
 Yet, ugly in form, he was faultless in mind,
 And his morals were lovely as Beauty might be.
 From many a fable his genius was able,
 As bees sip from flow'rets, to cull honest truth :
 With a hey-down derry, in measures so merry,
 He taught, while he tickled, age, childhood, and youth.

His master, for Æsop, by fortune's despite,
 Was a slave whom a Pagan had bought with hard cash,
 But the fabulist's soul was as free as the light,
 And the lord of the slave oft came under his lash.
 His master, I say, to the planets would pray,
 Neglecting their Maker, 'till Æsop, forsooth,
 In measure so merry, with hey-down derry,
 Thus taught, while he tickled, his patron, with truth.

The Pagan impatient, by appetite press'd,
 One night call'd for food, Æsop only brought lights,
 Then gravely knelt down, and the candles address'd
 In accents of praise, while his master he slights :
 Who, raving with fury, without judge or jury,
 Had sentenced poor Æsop ; but quickly the truth
 Prevailed, and thus merry, with hey-down derry,
 The sage taught, and tickled age, childhood, and youth.

To quadrupeds, fishes, and birds, he gave tongue,
 Trees, bowing politely, presented a *leaf**
 Of instruction, while tables and teakettles sung,
 And laughed, or lamented their joy or their grief.
 Thus from many a fable, his genius was able,
 As bees sip from flow'rets, to cull honest truth ;
 With a hey-down derry, in measures so merry,
 He taught, while he tickled, age, childhood, and youth.

* See quotation in page 2.

12. A SENSIBLE REFLECTION ; OR, SECOND
THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

If e'er I saw a glade, where nature's charms all meet,
If e'er I heard a maid whose voice was more than sweet,—
'Twas when a recent summer shower made fragrant all that
grew,—

And the lass sang “ Even *this* wants power to make false
lovers true !”

“ The Parliament has met, and talk'd about reform,
And what resources yet may meet the coming storm ;
And taxes they'll take off, they say, and placemen they'll
subdue,

But they hav'n't yet found out the way to make false lovers
true.

“ The *king* and *queen*, to town, have come from BRIGHTON
Pier,

They change to smiles each frown, and all our bosoms cheer ;
Like BRIGHTON, LONDON courts their stay, and so does
WINDSOR too,

But kings and queens don't know the way to make false lovers
true.

“ Physicians take their fees, and, be what may your ills,
Change agony to ease, by potions, or by pills ;
At least, they'll *promise*, if you'll *pay*, and so will lawyers too,
Tho' they hav'n't yet found out the way to make false lovers
true.

“ They took me to the play, where smiles and tears were sold,
And dance and song so gay, conspired to win our gold ;
And beauty charmed us, bright as day, and wit around us flew,
Yet fiction only told the way to make false lovers true.

“ The London news I've read, which tells of found and lost,
And how all *born* or *wed* are happy made, or cross'd ;
And how that riches bear the sway, and miracles can do,
Yet even *they*, can't find the way to make false lovers true.

“ Since he's resolved to roam, I'll cease to grieve and sigh,
But hie me to my home, where for his sake I'll die ;
Yet, ere in my cold grave I lay, whatever may ensue,
I'd rather try some other way to make the false one true.

“ A kinder youth loves me, with him my lot I’ll cast,
Should *he* too faithless be, I can but die at last ;
Then *him* (next time he comes to woo,) I’ll wed—perhaps
’twere best,
When we can’t make false lovers true, to make the *true* ones
blest.”

13. SONG.

MR. PIP AND MISS POP.

We differ in politics, fashion, and taste,
In our pleasures, our joys, and our sorrow,
By what one deems credit, another’s disgraced,
To-day’s *sense* may be folly to-morrow ;
Yet one fixed opinion we certainly hold,
Possessing both reason and rhyme,
’Tis, let her be fair, ugly, youthful, or old,
One wife is enough at a time.

Peter *Pip* had the honour to marry Miss *Pop*,
Such a prize! though by some thought a pill ;
She liked men and money, fine dress, and a drop,
As folks said, but bad tongues ne’er are still :
Peter read about Turks, so transcendently blest,
That they deem a score helpmates no crime,
And said he, “ they of course know their own affairs best,
But for me *one’s* enough at a time.”

Patty Pipkin, a pastrycook’s niece, lived close by,
Quite a blue, and each dandy’s delight,
She could waltz, sport an album, where lovers who sigh
Were welcome their nonsense to write.

Mrs. Pip’s *dearest* friend ! yet to tell Mister P.
That friend’s failings she reckon’d no crime,
While it caus’d him still more of opinion to be
That “ *One* wife’s enough at a time.”

Mrs. Pip one fine morning popp’d off in a trance,
Some folks are afraid of the dead,
So poor relieved Peter took Patty to France,
And a *second* time got himself wed !
But scarce had he given the lady his name,
When, recover’d and quite in her prime,
His first wife appear’d, to hear Peter exclaim,
“ *One* wife’s quite enough at a time !”

Their lectures, united, so scar'd Mr. Pip,
 That across the Atlantic fled he;
 His wives followed close, in an old crazy ship
 Which sank, and again he was free.
 Yet a third fond attachment induced him once more
 To get wed, when "By order sublime"
 His lost wives were found safe together on shore,
 As if one wa'n't enough at a time.

Three Pips on the cards play'd the *deuce* with his game,
 And you'll guess he scarce saved, if you please,
 His bacon; when, boiling with fury and shame,
 He was met by the whole peck of P.'s.
 Nay, 'tis said he's gone dead, and his phantom to strike
 Wholesome awe, and prevent future crime,
 Nightly growls, "In your lives take three wives if you like,
 But only take one at a time!"

14. PARODY.

TUNE—*When Arthur first at Court began.*

When NOLL the Roundhead ruled the roast, strange names
 his followers bore,
 With strait hair dangling down behind, the like ne'er seen
 before;
 His steward was *Standfast* *Saveall* call'd, his cook was
Barebones named!
 And his cellarman, *Gregory Goodbehere*, for very good beer
 was famed.

Cook *Barebones* boned beef, mutton, pork, veal, shoulder,
 leg, and chine;
 And *Standfast* help'd his friend *Goodbe'er* to drink the
 Roundhead's wine,
 'Till Noll, with a frown, knock'd *Standfast* down, and *Bare-*
bones bang'd right sore,
 And so hoop'd the barrel of old *Goodbe'er*, that *here* he was
 seen no more!

15. ON A STUPID FAMILY.

"My children! to cope with the world and its tricks,"

(Said old PROSY, addressing his sons half a score,)

"I'd have you resemble the *bundle of sticks*:"—

Well! they proved a mere *bundle of sticks*, and *no more*.

16. "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"—A NOMINAL IMPROMPTU.

Names do not always own the power

Of fitting those who wear 'em;

I knew *two* SWEETS—so much *too sour*—

Few of their friends could bear 'em!

When TOMMY HARRIS was the lord

Of Covent-Garden, he,

Tho' no *La Port*, was quite *ador'd*

By all his *compane*.

With *Swords* and *Shield*, by peaceful means,

To rule his *King*, he boasted;

While *Church* and *Regent* chang'd the *scenes*,

Crowds by his *Cook* were roasted!

He had a *Hill* as high as long;

Two *Mountains* more than middling,

And while *one* sang a *Bishop's* song,

You heard the other fiddling.

He cared for party not two figs,

Yet he a *Pitt* did harbour,

And kept a *Fox* to head the *wigs*,

Because he was the *Barber*!

His *steadiest* prompter long was *Wild*;

His manager we know

Was *Hull*, no manager more mild,

Now both their *hulls* lie low!

Then change the scene. Near *Brownlow-green*

A village in the west,

Is *Badham* call'd; of all I've seen,

That *Badham* is the *best*.

Talking of names, the *sexton's* there
Will always strike a stranger,
(Tho' harmless as a maiden fair,)
Because his name is DANGER.

And there too dwelt a man of law,
You'd think he ne'er could hurt you,
His every look charm'd all he saw,
His very name was VIRTUE!*

The village-doctor's name was DEATH;
He earn'd a pretty penny;
The thought on't takes away my breath,
As *he* did that of many.

One day the doctor made a hit,
Who *law* from *Death* can save?
And soon as *Danger* dug the pit,
Did *Virtue* fill the grave!

Change scene again : in town we're taught
The *Mitre* (Satan smil'd)
Was by a *naughty lady* bought,†
The *Devil* by a *Child*!

17. SONG.

WRITTEN FOR A LITERARY FUND FESTIVAL, AT THE SHIP INN, AT
GREENWICH.

TUNE—"My Spirits are mounting," &c.

Since call'd upon *here* many seasons are pass'd.—*Fol de rol.*
Where I tried my *first* ditty I now sing my *last*.—*Fol de rol.*
Since then, it by critical wags may be said,
That while "*time thinn'd my hair,*" he has *thicken'd my*
head. *Fol de rol.*

That my Muse may more easily amble along,
An old tune I've selected to carry her song.
From myrtle-crown'd MORRIS to merriment dear,
That air very often has tickled this ear.

* There is *Virtue* in *Ivy* lane, but quite of a different sort.

† This must be an error, as it is well known the *Mitre* was purchased by one of the *Hoares*, of Fleet street.

In *Greenwich* there's magic which ought to inspire
 A son's laggard lay with a spark from his sire;
 "Poor Jacks" and "Tom Bowlings" are here twenty-fold,
 And "Vet'rans" more plenty, yet good as old gold!

Brother *Charles*, too, for song's sterling *Riches* was known,
 When, here, he made "*Abraham Newland*" his own;
 I'll just add a note your acceptance not worth,
 'Twas in Kent, too, my "*Snug Little Island*" had birth.

I'll ask you "Where's genuine mirth to be found,
 If not among faces I see all around?"
 What feast e'er can equal the banqueting here,
 Where you feast *once*, that *talent* may feast all the year.

'Tisn't here, as when at the Freemasons' you dine,
 For there you must all go to *Cuffe's* for your wine;
 While each bumper inspires you to seek careworn elves,
 And make *them* as *glad* as their joy makes yourselves.

Next, "give every man his *desert*, who shall 'scape?"
 There! through *Warwickshire Willy* I've got in a scrape;
 He meant, that is, I meant, that here, in this *SHIP*,
 To pay your *deserts* there's no call for a *whip*.

Cold cynics who blame this display, then, are brutes,
 When sorrow, to-day, is relieved by its *fruits*;
 Your *ice* cools the *fever* of *want*, and we know
 How many a pocket is warm'd by your *Snow*!*

"*Usque malum ab ovo*," you're rational quite;
 From the *fish* to the *figs* you reflect with delight,
 And putting *first last*, you may boast round the bowl,
 A rich "feast of *raisin*," and fine "*flow of sole*."

My *last lay* a wager shall be, though, says one,
 "With *bets* and bright *sallies* 'tis time you had done;"
 Yet I'll lay longest odds, which, without any jokes,
 Is the *Hunchback's* "*new Wife*" to my "*Harlequin Hoax*."

My bet is you'll join me, with leave of the chair,—*Fol de rol*.
 With *nine times*, becoming each friend to the fair,—*Fol de rol*.
 That number of ladies my bumper intends,
 When I give the *Nine Muses*, and all their best friends!—
Fol de rol.

* Mr. Snow is the worthy distributor of the Society's donations.

18. DEAR VAUXHALL.

TUNE—"Nongtongpaw."

One half the world goes mad, folks say,
 While t'other runs the self-same way;
 No orator is now content
 Without a seat in parliament;
 Some in the Alley try a spec,
 While some in hunting break a neck:
 But wisdom's children, one and all,
 But wisdom's children, one and all,
 Cry "*O let's go to dear Vauxhall!*"

Some blame this undramatic age,
 And mourn the falling British stage,
 O'er sinking Shakspeare shed a tear,
 Then fly some foreign trash to hear;
 Some fools from duels seek *eclat*,
 Build houses, write, or go to law:
 While wisdom's offspring, one and all,
 While wisdom's, &c.
 Go thrice a week to dear Vauxhall!

Some hazard thousands on a *die*,
 Some *cut* the *cards*; but, by-the-bye,
 By common sense 'twill be confess'd,
 Who *cuts* 'em *both* contrives the best;
 Some stake whole fortunes on a race,
 Some ply for peerage, pension, place:
 While wiser folks, at reason's call,
 While wiser, &c.
 Find all they want at dear Vauxhall!

In camps young heroes hope they'll soon
 "Pluck honour from the pale-fac'd moon,"
 Or else at *sea*, from waves and rocks,
 Pull up "drown'd honour by the locks;"
 And when, with wealth, from war return'd,
 They hope to spend the cash they've earn'd,
 With those who come at pleasure's call,
 With those, &c.
 To join the throng at dear Vauxhall!

Of wedded bliss some lovers dream,
 And some do everything by steam;
 Some lose while others only get
 In law, in liquor, love, or debt;
 Yet these, and those inclined to cram
 On well-drest chicken, beef, and ham :
 Obey of taste the genuine call,
 Obey of taste, &c.
 And find her here, at dear Vauxhall!

Yon bumpkin swallows all the sights,
 No cat e'er seem'd so fond of *lights*,
 Our garden-flowers he fain would woo,
Hearts-ease and *painted ladies* too;
 Each *diorama* or each *dame*
 With wonder all his soul inflame;
 With fireworks, punch, he thinks we're all,
 With fireworks, &c.
 Magicians, here, at dear Vauxhall.

Misfortune's victim, fortune's pet,
 The dandy, and the dandizette,
 The village maid, the titled fair,
 To grace our splendid scene repair;
 Smart folks, like *you*, they come to *see*,
 And *hear* such sing-song chaps as *me*,
 Whose pride is ever at your call,
 Whose pride, &c.
 To aid the mirth of dear Vauxhall!

19. SONG.

Roses must grow with the thorn, lilies but flourish to fade;
 Beauty to perish is born, sunshine's the parent of shade;
 Summer must die of a cold, joy's intermingled with care;
 Youth only blooms to get old,
 And woman must cease to be fair;

Well! well!

The moral of this I'll declare!

Were roses all thornless, could lilies, or beauty,
 Or sunshine, or summer, or youth,
 Or woman, cheat old father Time from his duty,
 'Twould end in this sorrowful truth!
 That pleasure, unceasing, would worthless appear,
 For absence alone makes enjoyment so dear;
 Youth and summer take value from old age and frost,
 While no treasure we prize like the treasure we've lost.

Da capo.—Roses must grow, &c.

20. THE SOLDIER'S ANNIVERSARY.

JUNE 18TH, 1833.

The lofty hall with trophies proud,
 And dazzling panoply of gold,
 Was graced, and trumpets long and loud
 Of Britain's former glories told;
 Of laurels won on that famed field,
 Where warriors to old England true,
 In phalanx fix'd to die ere yield,
 Together fought at WATERLOO.

The "royal feast for Persia won,"
 Less splendid victory proclaim'd,
 Nor were the deeds of "PHILIP'S son"
 Than British gallantry more famed;
 The hero who those squadrons led
 Earth's greatest captain to subdue,
 Now sat triumphant at the head
 Of chiefs who fought at WATERLOO.

Each canopy some standard bore,
 Or eagled ensign in the fray,
 By England won; each bosom bore
 Some proud memorial of that day!
 And splendid symbols pending round,
 Recall'd to all with mem'ry true
 Some action on that hard fought ground,
 By each achiev'd at WATERLOO.

In ev'ry warlike dazdling hue
 Of martial pomp each chief was drest
 Beyond all pencil ever drew,
 Or fancy's boldest tints express'd ;
 And, sovereign of our happy land,
 Sate WILLIAM, that famed scene to view,
 Enthroned among the gallant band
 Of those who fought at WATERLOO.

With honest pride the cup he took,
 To grace the leader of that day,
 When, casting round an anxious look,—
 “ And why,” he asked, “ are those away”
 Whose proud insignia caught my eye
 On ent'ring here : an humble two,
 Who, in the ranks might haply vie
 With all who fought at WATERLOO ?

Think how their lovers, friends, and wives,
 With beating hearts from year to year,
 That humble two throughout their lives,
 Describing that glad day will hear ;
 In WILLIAM's presence call'd to drain
 The cup, “ to every warrior true,
 And him who led the victor train
 To conquer peace at WATERLOO.”

21. NEW WORDS TO AN OLD *AIR*.

Gammer, (cries Gaffer,) Lord ! how the wind blows.
Gammer : It never does anything else as I knows.

22. THE MARCH OF MIND IN 1833.

The MARCH OF MIND is not confined
 To *April, May, or June*,
 For daily annuals weekly prove
 In monthly motion it can move,
 Night, morn, or afternoon !

The MARCH of MIND is so refined,
 Each old denomination
 In use *before*, is left *behind*—
Place, now, is *situation*!

We have no *women*—*females* all,
 Hens, lobsters, mackerel, we call;
 All ancient ties are undone:
 Like Yankee *helps*, quite independent,
 A *servant's* an attach'd *attendant*;
 We've not a *maid* in London!

The MARCH of MIND disdains to stop
 And barter at a vulgar shop;
 For chandlers *manage* now, I ween,
 A *mart*! or else a *magazine*!
 And boast superb *selection*
 Of eggs and intermediate beer,
Contract for cabbage by the year,
 And “crave each friend's connexion.”

The MARCH of MIND can turn and wind
 (In terms sometimes the oddest)
 A very well-intention'd phrase
 To *nonsense*, in these graceless days,
 By way of seeming modest!
 Reading of Antwerp's siege, 'twould call
 In idiom more blameless,
Two breaches in a batter'd wall
 A pair of “something nameless!”
 At tavern would you dine or sup,
 Or by a stage leave town,
 Waiters of old cried “Coming up!”
 Coachmen ask'd, “Going down?”
 Now, when you *ring*, the waiter *knocks*,
 To “your commands” alive;
 And coachee “hopes you'll do his box
 “The *honour* of a drive!”

But driving, soon, will be no more,
 When we shall vote a *horse* a *bore*,
 And modes of motion more *esteem'd*
 Will prove, (by some 'tis said,)
 That as to swiftness, 'twill be deem'd
 Those wheels *now driven* are *lead*. (led).

And MARCH OF MIND loves tears and sighs;
 All *see* the times are bad;
 Potatoes (radical) have *eyes*,
 And oft, when boil'd, are sad!

Carmen (not verse) from ecstasee
 Of grief, you'd free suppose,
 But I once heard one swear by *gee*
 As how he had his *woes*!

And terms more elegant we hatch—
 For feeding, now, what fuss!
 "While *you* your chocolate *despatch*,
 "A kidney I'll *discuss*!"

And even courtship (on the plan
 Of nature once conducted)
 Hears, like diplomatists, both man
 And maid speak—"as *instructed*."

The *treaty* in due *form* pursued,
 Preferring his petition,
 He talks about his "*attitude*,"
 And *she* of her "*position*."

Preliminaries sign'd, you know,
 In mutual reliance,
 They quit, at length, the "*statu quo*,"
 And form a close *alliance*.

MARCHY, farewell! I'd not impede
 Thy progress through the nation,
 I love *improvement* much, indeed,
 But d—n all AFFECTATION!

23. ON THE BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER, JUNE 12th, 1833.

O! today has added one ray of light more,
 Another suffusion of innocent bloom,
 To charms that smiled on the earth before,
 To light this dull region of sorrow and gloom.

O! today has added a pair of arch eyes
 To the soft scintillations our darkness that cheer,
 And long may we cherish the heaven-sent prize,
 As balm to the sorrows that follow us here!
 Another heart throbs in a bosom where guile
 Is stranger, and stranger for life, may it be!
 One countenance more is illumed by a smile,
 Which beams like a cherub's on KATE and on me!
 And one more glad mother rejoices to see
 How minature loveliness yields her full scope,
 To think purest joy shall embellish the tree
 Where infancy cradles the blossoms of hope.

24. INCIPIENT SKETCHES;

OR, SCRAPS ON A SCRIBBLER'S TABLE.

"Still beginning, never ending."

LONDON NOISES.

"O! listen to" "Those evening bells,"
 That ring for letters and for crumpets,
 Discordant bands, and foreign yells,
 From tuneless throats, Pan's reeds, and trumpets;
 Or "Buy a Broom!" "Dust O!" and "Sweep!"
 To close my ears I try,
 And wish all who disturb my sleep
 Like banish'd watchmen sent to weep,
 Because they may not cry,
 Old Clothes! Old Clothes!
 And who is IKEY SOLOMON?
 Whose commerce is so fair;
 Let's see, I KEY, and SOLOMON,
 Can't mean a once Lord May'r!
 For IKEY, when he shone in all his glory,
 'Tis well known was the hero of
 A TRANS-ATLANTIC STORY.
 Of LONDON lasses some may talk,
 With them I've nought to do;

To HAMMERSMITH I took a walk,
 Which brings my tale to KEW.
 Yet 'tis not RICHMOND on the THAMES,
 NOR RICHMOND on the SWALE,
 But YANKEE RICHMOND, which now claims
 Your patience to assail.

Cætera desunt.

25. SONG.—THE GOOD SHIP THE COMET.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HER OWNER, J. MITCHELL, ESQ.

TUNE—" *There's nae Luck about the Hoose* "

And are ye sure the news is true, and is she come awa' ?
 Does fortune save frae wind and wave her head and tail, and
 aw ?

" Hoot mon, what mean ye by ' her tail ; ' and what's the tale
 ye tell,

As if ye meant some laughing lass, or winsome bonnie belle ?"
 For there's nae luck aboot the hoose, there's nae luck at a',
 There's little joy for man or boy gin lasses are awa' !

Ye guess right weel, for she of whom I'm lilting ye maun ken,
 Like mony lasses we ha' seen, gangs gaily but and ben ;
 Sae stately sails she east and *wast*, while aw admirers gaze,
 To see her in her streamers drest, sae lovely in her *stays* :
 For there's nae luck aboot the hoose, there's nae luck at a',
 There's little pleasure in the hoose when she's at sea awa'.

Ye ne'er yet saw a comely dame mair smart, genteel, or tall,
 Ye ne'er saw ane sae gracefu' *swim* at laird or leddy's ball :
Knee-timber'd light, yet right and tight, wi' *ribs* sae round
 and fair,

And aw bepainted red and white, as maist fine leddies are.

And there's nae luck, &c.

And tho' she's sober as a judge, she's often sure to be

A little *half-seas-over* while she dances merrily.

A crew of lads she carries, aye, aloft or else below,

And copper are her skirts which she is nae ashamed to show.

While there's nae luck, &c.

“And what may be this beauty ca’d wha sets ye in a flame?
And, gin ye wunna tell us mair, just gi’ her Christian name?”
She has nae Christian name, good mon, but see her near or
far,

Ye’ll aye confess the COMET is a bonny blazing star!

And there’s nae luck, &c.

She walks the waters lightly-like, as fairies in a reel,
And like a cork upon the waves that scarcely touch her keel.
She carries out good store of walth wherever she may roam,
And thrice as muckle as she takes she’s sure to bring us home.

Sae there’s nae luck, &c.

My friends around by this may guess I mean that ship of ships
The COMET, which, I hope, will never suffer an ECLIPSE;
For next to wife, and next to bairns, or friends in peace or
war,

The COMET is my sun, my moon, my night and morning star.

And there’s nae luck, &c.

She brings me meat and drink and claihts, and credit too and
cash,

She brings a cure for many cares that fidget, fret, and fash.
She brings a saucy neb, her bonnie bowsprit ’tis I mean,
And o’er the ocean rules the wave like Neptune’s starry queen.

While there’s nae luck, &c.

Then here’s a glass to friends I fill, to wife or love of each,
And may the Gude of gudeness aye put fortune in their reach!
And may, on ony darksome day, should evil e’er befa’,
The COMET come like brilliant day, and bring delight to a’.
For there’s nae luck aboot the hoose, there’s nae luck at a’,
There’s little joy for man or boy when she is far awa’!

26. SONG.—HUNTING IMPROVEMENTS.

THE horn, the view hollow, the musical cry
Of the hounds, burst at once on the ear,
Through that brake a peep take, in full speed passing by,
In the dingle you’ll see ’em appear!
The huntsman your notice especially claims,
Hear his voice, view his grog-tinted nose,
All the pack he salutes by their old fashion’d names,
And his smile cheers ’em better than blows.

Ringwood ! and Jowler !
 Venus ! and Towler !
 Prettylass ! Spandigo !
 Rockwood ! and Dido ! ho !
 Yoicks ! and hark to 'em boys ! Yoicks, tally ho !

But modern reform princely palaces rears,
 Where houses once op'd a kind door,
 Here and there a stone cottage in splendor appears,
 But, alas, scarce a roof for the poor !
 This refinement to hunting has spread in a crack,
 And a warrior from battles retired,
 His huntsman, (a serjeant,) thus names his new pack,
 By Mars, not Diana, inspired :

Lancer ! and Bivouac !
 Tirailleur ! Halt ! Come Back !
 Shacko ! and Waterloo !
 Maida ! the Foe's in View !
 Up lads, and at 'em ! boys, yoicks ! tally ho !

From laws, tricks, and doublings, to rustic repose,
 Yon Big-wig from chancery flies ;
 To rest from fatigue, out a-hunting he goes,
 (A good Judge !) and to cover he hies !
 Each day more delighted and fond of it grown,
 The sport his wholly study now claims ;
 A kennel he rears, buys a pack of his own,
 Which his huntsman (once *crier*) thus names :

Fieri ! Facias !
 Red Tail ! and Capias !
 Take a Rule ! Chancery !
 Copy ! and Service ! fly !
 Proceed fast as possible ! Yoicks, tally ho !

The statesman and senator, equally fain
 From toil to seek health in the chace,
 Resigning pursuit of political gain,
 Quit peerage, and pension, and place.
 Mace-bearers turn huntsmen, and clerks whippers-in,
 And ushers change rods for the horn ;
 While a call of the House, that's the field, they begin,
 And the pack with new titles adorn

Speaker! Majority!
 Question! Priority!
 Move! Order! City Man!
 Borough! Committee Man!

Hear him! Hark to him! Divide! Aye or No?

The tar goes a-hunting as well as the rest,
 And the lads he selects for his crew,
 (So he calls 'em,) are messmates who still feel a zest
 For a uniform made of true blue.
 His *boatswain*, Will Whistle, not yet out of use,
 Pipes the kennel! Come lads, fire away!
 Fore and aft! Heave a-head! Cheer the pack! Cast 'em
 loose!

While the dogs, oddly christened, obey.
 Bowsprit! and Kelson!
 Victory! Nelson!
 Trafalgar! Collingwood!
 Drake! Duncan! Howe! and Hood!

Stand to your guns, boys! heave anchor! Yo ho!

Thus all their own fancy with ardour pursue,
 And I think, while as Britons we boast
 That good tars, lawyers, statesmen, and soldiers we view
 In the field, we shall still rule the roast.
 Be honour of ev'ry true sportsman the aim,
 Emulation success ne'er will lack,
 While each tries his speed at so noble a game,
 And the huntsman thus cries on the pack:
 Honest! and Ready!
 Fearless! and Steady!
 Probity! Loyalty!
 Gallantry! Liberty!
 Yoiks! and hark to 'em, boys! Yoiks! tally ho!

27. TO MY ELDEST SON, ON HIS EMPLOYMENT IN THE
 GENERAL POST-OFFICE.

Son, grandson, and nephew of scribblers! enjoy
 With honour the gift of our betters,
 Yet ne'er let the ROYAL POST-OFFICE, dear boy,
 Make you slight the REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

28. THE DANDY AND THE PAGE.

A dandy so green, by a damsel so blue
 Was ask'd in her album so white
 To scribble ; when thus, as his pencil he drew,
 He announced his intention to write,
 "Thou snow-tinted page, with this I engage
 To sully thy surface," he said :—
 Said the album, " Good lack ! Thus folks make *me* black,
 Who never can make themselves *re(a)d* !"

29. TO MY SECOND SON, ON HIS STUDYING MEDICINE.

'Tis glorious for others our skill to employ,
 So stick to your Pharmacopœia, dear boy ;
 Respect clever students, yet try to eclipse 'em ;
 And while science crowns your benevolent labours,
 Remember that "*medice sane teipsum* !"
 Means " Mend your own system as well as your neighbours'."

30. ON THE CONTEMPTIBILITY OF CALUMNY.

SCANDAL assumes such paltry shapes,
 They ever shame the wearers ;
 Much less respectable than apes,
 For apes are no *tale*-bearers !

31. TO MY YOUNGEST SON, ON HIS BEGINNING TO
LEARN HIS ALPHABET.

Letters are *steps*, dear boy, that lead
 To heights from whence the world we read ;
 But my pedantry gives itself airs,
 When I ought to thy infantile sense to explain
 That the top of the house by such steps you'll attain,
 Tho' now at the foot of the stairs.

32. COLOUR FOR ABSURDITY.—A COCKNEY COLLOQUY.

Tom: "Why, Mike, you're mad! What *are* you at?"

Mike: "I'm fishing in a dyer's vat."

Tom: "To common sense, sir, I appeal,

"What *could* you catch there?"—

Mike: "Catch an eel!"

33. CURRAN *v.* M'NALLY.

M. Sir, the CROWN business I do.

C. Yes, and the HALF-CROWN business too.

34. A VULGAR ERROR CORRECTED.

ARIEL was not an IRISH man,
 Tho' 'twas observ'd by Pat O' Doody,
 That PROSP'RO (so the passage ran,)
 Accosted her with "How now, MOODY?"

35. SONG.

A BACHELOR'S PHILOSOPHY.—SUPPOSED TO BE FOUNDED ON FACT.

By many a *wise* man, and many a fool,
 We're told that our happiest days were at school;
 With such who have said so, why so it might be,
 But those days were at all times least happy with me
 For do what we will, or wherever we go,
 They only are happy who think themselves so.

A damsel I courted, who gave me her smiles,
 And we know how a *kind* look from beauty beguiles;
 I ask'd, and she promised her heart and her hand,
 Should make me the envy of all in the land:
 But she'd promised two others, which I didn't know,
 And was happy, because I supposed myself so.

She married : friends told me my comfort was this,
 I had made a great *hit*, when I lost such a *miss* ;
 A happy escape my vexation they call,
 While I felt I couldn't be happy at all :
 For though it was folly, I'd reason to know
 Those only are happy who think themselves so.

But Time, who does wonders, my senses restored,
 And convinced me that nought can such pleasure afford
 As the dear independence, unclogg'd with a wife,
 In that rose without thorn call'd a bachelor's life ;
 For ne'er will I marry, since single, I know,
 Those only are happy who think themselves so.

Thus bachelor CŒLEBS said, sung, and believ'd,
 But in self-calculation we're often deceived ;
 The rival who married his Mary was dead,
 And CŒLEBS, grown richer, the fair widow wed :
 He was laugh'd at, but little that matters, you know,
 Since he is most happy who thinks himself so.

36. *On the only Appearance of a Masculine Dramatic Debutante, in
 a Male Character.*

Transient ! And doubtful whether lad or lass,
 Critics of thee will say, " IT came to PASS !"

37. SONG.

WOMAN ; OR, JUST WHAT THEY ARE.

Some call women ANGELS, the fact I deny !

They're martyrs so oft to misrepresentation,
 That, angel-like, had they but wings, they'd soon fly,
 And leave lordly man to his self-estimation.

Some say they of ANGELS are quite the reverse,
 And give them a title my Muse can't rehearse ;

Let them be what they will, 'tis my pride to declare,
 I have ever adored them for—JUST WHAT THEY ARE.

Effeminate exquisites " hate their bold ways ;"

Whiskered cossacks, more masculine wish the dear
 creatures,

If informed—they're too *blue* for a pedant to praise ;
 While most disagree as to height, air, and features.

If frank, she's too forward ; if timid, a prude ;
 But for my part, although I don't wish to intrude,
 Let them be what they will, 'tis my pride to declare,
 I always adored them for—JUST WHAT THEY ARE !

Some GODDESSES deem them, but then they should be
 As goddesses ought, (tho' not sanctioned by fable,)
 From each human hope, wish, or preference free,
 And fit but to quit, not partake of, the table.
 Such VENUSES *may* be stuck up with a Cupid,
 In pictures or sampler-work, equally stupid ;
 But be what they will, 'tis my pride to declare,
 I've always adored them for—JUST WHAT THEY ARE.

38. EPITAPH

On SAMPSON BEER, of Amstead, near Biddeford, one of the most powerful Men of his Day, and equally celebrated for his great Age, and the extraordinary Length of his Nose.

Strong *Beer* lies here, now *dead*. Once none was stronger :
 His life was *very* long, his nose much longer.

39. SONG.

ADDRESSED TO A CAUSELESSLY JEALOUS LADY.

What madness has seized thee, too sensitive JANE,
 To thyself so unkindly untrue,
 That a practised coquette you assist to make vain,
 By supposed competition with you ?
 If the diamond's eclips'd by the fire of that eye,
 Which on earth owns but one for its fellow,
 If your taste and your dress with perfection may vie,
 Pray, why wear those stockings of YELLOW ?

The chaplet of beauty has long been your own,
 And can it be JANE who so errs
 As to let LAURA think you relinquish *your* throne,
 While the triumph of *temper* is hers ?

Then she owns "Could my charms to match JANE's be improved,

"And my lover a sensible fellow,
 "I'd make it impossible not to be lov'd :"
 Then away with those stockings so yellow.

40. VINDICATION OF CONVENTUAL CHARACTER.

NUNS have proved incorrect, 'tis said,
 I disbelieve it, rather,
 Because, through life, I never read
 But of one NUN
 Who own'd a son,—
 That NUN was JOSHUA's father!

41. SONG.—LOOK AT HOME.

"Ships are but boards, sailors but men."—SHAKESPEARE.

It's glory to hear your land-poets indite
 About tars, ships, and storms on the sea,
 And how sailors are sartain through life to be right,
 And what angels of fellows they be!
 So gallant, so gen'rous, so gay, and so free
 To their friends, king, and sweethearts true blue ;
 When, bless you, they're ten times more faulty than me,
 And not a bit better than you.

The truth is the truth, and that's only this here :
Jack sails, when he's left on the shore
 All his cash, and the girl whose affections sincere
 Last as long as his pay, and no more.
 He sticks to his duty while on the salt sea,
 Because 'tis the best he can do,
 Or his grog would be stopp'd, and you'd take him to be
 In the bilboes, no better than you.

From his station in battle no seaman will run,
 'Cause he can't get away from a ball ;
 And a man that's a man must be good at that fun,
 Or else he'd be no man at all.

Rich again ; he's on shore alongside of the lass
 Whose false bearings so lately he knew,
 And what's *yearn'd* like a horse he expends like an ass,
 Or a landsman, no better than you.

Now this was the beautiful bit of a yarn,
 Which, over his grog or his flip,
 While on shore, to his hearers, was spun by Sam Starn
 In dispraise of his messmates and ship.
 The captain no more than a mortal he'd rate,
 The lieutenant abuse till all's blue,
 Call the boatswain a lubber ; and, as for his mate,
 Why, he thought him no better than you.

Perhaps you'll suppose such a critical elf
 (That's the word, as our chaplain sung out
 When he call'd him), must be all perfection himself :
 'Twas a thing he knew nothing about.
 Like those he most blamed, he was gull'd and deceiv'd,
 Spent his pay, and got nabb'd, till the crew
 He had libell'd, the swab from a prison repriev'd,
 Or he'd now been no better than you.

42. THE RISING STAR OF ALBION.

“ When Britons on the foaming main”
 Of Albion's flag the rights maintain,
 What is their valour's certain gain? VICTORIA !

When warriors in the tented field
 In freedom's cause the falchion wield,
 What is the contest sure to yield? VICTORIA !

And what the sweetest flow'r that glows,
 Tinted by loveliness,—a rose,
 That with hope's sweetest promise blows? VICTORIA !

Britannia's daughters, dear to them
 Art thou, VICTORIA ! Freedom's gem,
 Pride of thine honour'd royal stem, VICTORIA !

43. NATURE.

When a smile, of a tear ask'd, "How came we both here?"
 'Twas surely when NATURE's fine weather,
 And best state of mind, her warm colours combined
 In JOE MUNDEN to blend them together.
 As OLD DORNTON he won, by his tears for his son,
 The hearts of a nation which, after,
 When at DOZEY they'd peep, or at NIPPERKIN's sleep,
 Changed tears for convulsions of laughter.
 But to trace his routine, thro' each favorite scene,
 Where skill with true feeling was vying,
 We affirm that his art form'd a school from the heart,
 Which did honour to laughing and crying.

44. IMPROMPTU

ON ALTERING THE KEY OF A DUET IN THE "BEGGAR'S OPERA," WHEN
 ONE POUND NOTES WERE CURRENT.

"The miser thus a *shilling* sees,"—
 It must be a NOTE higher, you ninny;
 But how can we manage it? Why, if you please,
 Let the miser take leave of a *guinea*.

45. SONG.—JOHN BULL.

JOHN BULL is a riddle, an old-fashion'd treasure,
 Delighting in labour and fond of his ease,
 Enjoying, while quizzing, good living and pleasure,
 None more hating law, or pays lawyers more fees;
 With "straws often tickled," and "pleas'd with a feather,"
 He glories in battle, and fights with a zest;
 Yet better he loves peace and plenty together,
 And one thing, that's GRUMBLING, beyond all the rest.
 No labour nor money he spares to amuse 'em,
 JOHN BULL so delights in his sweethearts and wives,
 He suffers no soul but himself to abuse 'em,
 And would give up his own to make happy their lives.
 To be wealthy he'll run into every danger,
 For JOHNNY to riches *will* bow, 'tis confess'd,
 Yet loves his last guinea to share with a stranger,
 And then loves to GRUMBLE beyond all the rest.

To dissent from WILL SHAKSPEARE of course I'm unwilling,
 But *he* says that JOHNNY "a doit would refuse
 "To help a poor Christian, yet give a whole shilling
 "To see a dead Indian!"—So much for Bill's Muse!
 AVON'S SWAN was no GOOSE, yet he might have declared too,
 No spot in the world, by misfortune distrest,
 But JOHN's warmest bounty has nobly been spared to,
 While GRUMBLING, for once, *didn't* please him the best.

Of all nation's commerce a buyer and vender,
 Throughout his vast hive you'll scarce meet with a drone,
 Of other folks' freedom so carefully tender,
 To guard it he's oft apt to hazard his own!
 Though that's his proud watchword, his grand ultimatum,
 The chord to his every feeling address'd,
 By one only rivall'd, and that "est probatum,"
 Is GRUMBLING,—for sometimes he loves that the best.

At sea he is one of those ne'er-beaten fellows,
 Of missing an enemy only afraid;
 On shore, of his soldiers affects to be jealous,
 Tho' none has more right to adore a cockade.
 To-day, to his warriors with gratitude swelling,—
 To-morrow, for some free opinion express'd,
 He'll break ev'ry pane of plate-glass in their dwelling,
 And prove that to GRUMBLE is what he loves best.

Then he talks with contempt of your Whig and your Tory,
 Conservatives, popular talkers, and such,
 Of rats and reform tells each night a new story,
 And pities Poles, Portuguese, Belgians, and Dutch.
 King, queen, peers, and clergy, he wishes to mend 'em;
 Yet, let the whole world put his truth to the test,
 Opposed to that world he would die to defend 'em,
 And then he'd die GRUMBLING, for that he loves best.

This comical tissue of odd contradiction
 May seem a chimera to infidel elves,
 Who, while they imagine it founded on fiction,
 Its truth ev'ry instant may witness themselves.
 And one thing I'll add, HALF the world is protected
 By even JOHN's follies, and ALL have confess'd,
 Though now and then laugh'd at, he *must* be respected,
 Or, let his GUNS GRUMBLE,—THEY'LL tell you the rest!

46. EXTEMPORE EMANATION.

Were I required to name what NATION
 Opposes most all reformation,—
 I first should say disinclINATION,
 Which, aided by hallucINATION,
 And man's worst foe, procrastINATION,
 With powerful concatenATION.
 Of fulmination, profanATION,
 And, shame to say, abominATION !
 (All enemies to explanATION,
 As some fools were to vaccinATION,)
 True vo'tries of contaminATION,
 And tools of insubordination,
 They'll cause a general consternATION,
 Leading to awful termination,
 Of nothing less than ruinATION,
 Which almost makes me say, d—NATION !

47. GOOD LIVING IN TOWN.

“What did ee zee i' town?” quo' Jane
 To *John*, who ne'er “zee'd town afore.”
 “To try to tell'ee were in vain,”
 Quo' John, “I zaw zights by the score,
 “Dined wi' my lord, and zum two hundred more,
 “And eat and drank, and then, d'ye zee,
 “Zum vorty toasts went round.”—“What, John?” said she,
 “TOASTS vorty *round*? Why bless me, but to think
 “How many cups of tea they all must drink!”

48.

John Bond
 Fell in a pond;—
 He spoke bad English, honest elf:
 “The ducks,” said he,
 “All swore at me,
 “Ere I had time to *execrate myself*.”

49. "WHAT'S TO PAY?"

"It strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room."

SHAKESPEARE.

"My carriage!"—"What, going, Sir Harry, so soon?"

"Why, faith, I shall hardly be miss'd,

"I should scarce hold a card, tho' I ventured till noon,

"And I've lost a cool thousand at whist!

"And yet I enjoy'd it,—scarce felt how time went,

"Till I find, by the reck'ning, 'twas sadly mispent."

"Here, waiter! my hat, coat, umbrella, and cane!"—

"Don't leave us!"—"I certainly will,

"It's so late."—"Well, but since we entreat you in vain,

"Just read your small share of the bill."

"Seven pounds! What a reckoning!"—"I hope you're content?"—

"No! Who thought we were going to such an extent?"

"My dear Lady Susan, your dress at the ball,

"So splendid and so recherché,

"Eclips'd the whole world, and astonished us all!

"Here's a bill, ma'am; the man waits for pay."

"Waits! I really supposed it would do a year hence;

"Then the sum! Who e'er dreamt of such dreadful expense?"

The moral: 'Twere prudent to make it a law

Present vigilance ne'er to let sleep,

Lest while on the *future* too freely we draw,

Our *pastime* may venture too deep:

For when TIME to reckon our balance is sent,

He'll not bate one item of what we've mispent.

50. MORE LAST WORDS.

WRITTEN DURING A LATE ATTACK OF INFLUENZA.

Vale! vale! cares that daily
 Put my patience to the test:
 Vale! vale! hopes that gaily
 Tried to put those cares to rest.
 Vale! vale! (Doctor Paley
 Says that short adieus are best!)

Life to me, tho' mix'd with sorrow,
 Still with many a gem was sown,
 Sad to-day, yet glad to-morrow,
 Home's best joys have been my own!

Tho' ingratitude has grieved me
 Oft, too oft, must be confess'd,
 Friendship's balm as oft reliev'd me,
 And the wrongs I felt redress'd.

Where I lov'd, and lov'd sincerely,
 (None more truly loves the fair,)
 I've been lov'd in turn as dearly,
 Hymen owes me nothing there.

Each domestic retrospection
 Speaks me favor'd here BELOW,
 Past and present kind affection
 Tells ABOVE what thanks I owe!

Now that fortune's fancied blindness,
 And her smile for me must cease,
 Let my verse speak grateful kindness,
 And its final word be PEACE!

SELECTIONS,

&c.

1. GOD SAVE KING WILLIAM.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND PUBLISHED BY MR. T. WELSH.

God save WILLIAM, and protect him,
Glory all his actions guide;
Heav'n's best providence direct him,
Brunswick's son, Britannia's pride.
Royal WILLIAM, God preserve thee,
Mercy crown thy reign with smiles;
Long may we in freedom serve thee,
Monarch of the British Isles!

Youthful WILLIAM's first devotion
For his country braved the main;
Long the sceptre of the ocean
May he gloriously maintain:
O'er his country's foes prevailing,
Sovereign, father, king, and friend;
Faction ne'er his rights assailing,
Peace await him to the end!

May his royal consort smiling,
Joys domestic ever own;
Cares and toils of state beguiling,
Share his love, and grace his throne.
Wisdom all his counsels guiding,
May his loyal people sing,
With an ardour ne'er subsiding,
Save, Oh, save! GOD SAVE THE KING!*

* The above was the earliest attempt to celebrate the accession of his sacred Majesty King William IV.

2. THE SNUG LITTLE ISLAND ; OR, THE MARCH OF INVASION.

TUNE.—*The Rogue's March.*

Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did say,
 If ever I live upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on wou'd be little Britain !
 Says Freedom, "why that's my own island !"

O, it's a snug little island !

A right little, tight little island,

Search the globe round, none can be found

So happy as this little island.

JULIUS CÆSAR the Roman, who yielded to no man,
 Came by water,—he couldn't come *by* land ;
 And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs
 on,

And all for the sake of our island.

O, what a snug little island !

They'd all have a touch at the island ;

Some were shot dead, some of them fled,

And some staid to live on the island.

Then a very great war man, call'd BILLY the Norman,
 Cried d—n it, I never lik'd *my* land ;
 It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
 And live on yon beautiful island.

Says he, 'tis a snug little island :

Sha'n't us go visit the island ?

Hop, skip, and jump, there he was plump,

And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

But party-deceit help'd the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, Britons ne'er had been lick'd,
 Had they stuck to the king of their island.

Poor Harold, the king of the island !

He lost both his life and his island,

That's very true, what more could he do?

Like a Briton he died for his island !

The SPANISH ARMADA set out to invade her
 Quite sure, if they ever came nigh land,
 They couldn't do less than tuck up QUEEN BESS,
 And take their full swing in the island.

Oh, the poor queen of the island !
 The Dons came to plunder the island ;
 But, snug in the hive, the QUEEN was alive,
 And buz was the word in the island.

These proud puff'd-up cakes thought to make ducks and
 drakes

Of our wealth ; but they hardly could spy land,
 When our DRAKE had the luck to make their pride *duck*,
 And stoop to the lads of the island.

Huzza for the lads of the island !
 The good wooden walls of the island !
 Devil or don, let 'em come on ;
 But how would they come off at the island ?

Since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept time,
 In each saying, " this shall be my land ;"
 Should the army of ENGLAND, or all they could bring land,
 We'd show 'em some play for the island.

We'll fight for our right to the island,
 We'll give them enough of the island,
 Invaders should just bite at the dust,
 But not a bit more of the island !

3. THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Three goddesses would know which was the prettiest, they
 say,

And took a trip to PARIS, thinking that the nearest way ;
 They all of them were beautiful, as you may well suppose,
 And very much in fashion, for they'd very little clothes.

Lira, lira la.

This PARIS I should tell you, was no city, by-the-bye,
 No more he knew of famed ST. CLOUD than of the isle of *Sky* ;
 But sheep upon a common fed, as tender as South-down,
 For tho' his father was a king, he wasn't worth a crown.

The boy was reading moral tales, his sheep around reclined,
 For ev'ry day he thus improved his mutton and his mind ;
 But when he saw the ladies, all astonishment, said he,
 " I never yet saw beauty arm'd so truly cap-a-pie !"

Grave PALLAS from her helmet-bonnet gave the youth a wink,
And said, "My lad, pray which of us the prettiest do you think?"

"Say ME, you fool, I'll make you wise; so answer as you're bid!"

Said he, "I think I really should want wisdom if I did."

Said JUNO, "you shall be the richest shepherd in the land,
If me, as best, you'll give that golden rennet in your hand;"

Said VENUS, "that you'd die for Nell those love-sick looks declare,

Then pray give me that *apple*, and I'll make you two a *pair*."

"A match!" he cried, through love of Nell. Thus VENUS won the field,

But JUNO by her peacock swore, and PALLAS by her shield,
The match they'd spoil; and so they did: for, when he'd his desire,

It proved a match that lit a flame to set old Troy on fire.

Lira, lira la.

4. EPITAPH ON ISAAC READ,

A CELEBRATED BOOKWORM.

Reader, by these four lines take heed,

And mend your life for my sake,

For you must die like ISAAC READ,

Tho' *you read* till your *eyes ache*.

5. THE LAND IN THE OCEAN.

In the midst of the sea, like a tough man of war,

Pull away, pull away, yo ho there!

Stands an island surpassing all islands by far,

If you doubt it you've only to go there;

By NEPTUNE 'twas built upon Freedom's firm base,

And for ever 'twill last, I've a notion;

All the world I defy to produce such a place,—

Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say!

As the neat bit of land in the ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,
 Pull away, pull away so clever !
 They've oft swore as how they would come alongside,
 And destroy the poor island for ever.
 But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,
 And so tightly she's rigg'd I've a notion,
 She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough,—
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say !
 If they touch at the land in the ocean.

There was HOWE, ever bold in the glorious cause,
 Pull away, pull away, so stout, boys !
 Who gain'd on the 1st day of June, such applause,
 And put ev'ry foe to the rout, boys.
 The next was ST. VINCENT, who kick'd up a dust,
 As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion :
 For they swore not to strike, says he, "damme but you must,"
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say !
 To the lads of the land in the ocean.

ADAM DUNCAN came next, 'twas in autumn, you know,
 Pull away, pull away, so jolly,
 That he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe,
 Against whom all resistance was folly :
 And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a dunce,
 But a sad story home, I've a notion ;
 So DUNCAN he beat a whole WINTER at once,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say !
 What d'ye think of the land in the ocean ?

Next the Frenchmen again they came in for their share,
 Pull away, pull away, so hearty,
 For NELSON he set all the world in a stare,
 And land-lock'd the great Bonaparte ;
 Then he beat them again, when with Spain they'd combined,
 Till they all were done up, I've a notion,
 When victory's sword did the olive entwine,
 Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull I say !
 And peace crown'd the land in the ocean !

6. ENEAS AND DIDO.

TUNE.—*Drops of Brandy.*

“Spoil’d a good rope, and down dropp’d Dido!”—COTTON’S *Virgil Travestie*.

The Grecians came running to Troy,
 The Trojans went running to meet ’em,
 It’s known to each little school-boy,
 How the Greeks they horse-jockied and beat ’em;
 No house could that day be endured
 They made ’em too hot for the holders,
 And ENEAS, not being insured,
 Set off with his dad on his shoulders.

His fortune he tried on the ocean,
 You’ve heard what palavering stories
 To Dido he told with emotion,
 “Jubes renovare dolores.”
 Her Majesty wasn’t offended,
 For he was the offspring of Venus,
 Whom she gave half-a-crown when he ended,
 And said, “Let us govern between us.”

Her heart too she gave undivided,
 And, when he to sail was preparing,
 Poor Dido said to him, “pray why did
 “You take up the trade of false-swearing?
 “Your followers call you ‘*pius*,’
 “Your servants address you as ‘*pater*,’
 “Yet, if in this manner you fly us,
 “I know of no vagabond greater.”

Said he, “If the cause you’d be knowing,
 “To give you, no reason I’ve stronger
 “To justify me in my going,
 “But that I can’t stay any longer.”
 “At least, then,” said she, “Dear ENEAS,
 “If ever you lov’d your poor Dido,
 “When you’re coming this way call and see us :”
 Thinks he, “I’ll be hang’d if I do!”

“Sister Ann,” then, said she, “all is done,
 “He’s off with his brazen penates,
 “His dandified, saucy young son,
 “And that rascal, his *Fidus Achates*!”

A cord round her neck she extended,
 The one end a bedpost was tied to ;
 I'm sorry the story's so ended,
 But there was an end of Dido !

7. FABLE.

THE MAN, THE BOY, AND THE ASS.

Gaffer Grist, Gaffer's son, and his little jackass,
 Trotting along the road,
 Through a gossiping, straggling village must pass,
 Before they could reach their abode ;
 Master Johnny rode Jacky, which old Gaffer led,
 The villagers thought the boy monstrous ill-bred,
 So they made honest Gaffer get up in his stead,
 Trotting along the road.
 They didn't go far, ere they heard people talk,
 Trotting along the road,
 As how it was stupid for either to walk,
 Before they could reach their abode.
 So *both* rode ; when, proud of his horse and his pelf,
 A farmer cries, " Down ! would you kill the poor elf ?
 " If *you* wur an ass would you like it yourself ?"
 Trotting along the road.
 Next they carried the jackass, who never said nay,
 Trotting along the road !
 But all changes endur'd, like the vicar of Bray,
 Before he would quit his abode :
 Yet e'en this wouldn't please every ill-natur'd tyke,
 And therefore this *moral* must forcibly strike,
 We should manage our jackasses just as we like,
 While trotting along the road !

8. IRISH SONG.

O'ROMULUS AND RAMUS ; OR, THE BUILDING OF ROME.

Of Eneas and Dido when singing, some people said I was at
 home,
 But abroad I'll the changes be ringing, and try at the
 building of Rome ;

A subject to yield ye delight, but of which, if the whole I
display,
By the pow'rs! I'd be singing all night, because Rome
wasn't built in a day.

RHEA SYLVIA, like Cupid's own mother, with her 'tis my
story begins,
As told in some ballad or other, one morning had two or
three twins;
She'd an uncle who gave her no quarter, who swore that the
brats they both should
In the Tiber be drown'd with Thames water, like two pretty
babes in the wood.

Having made up his mind to this murder, he thought it best
done out of hand;
Then relented, and took 'em no *further*, but laid 'em both
down in the strand,
Where one Mrs. WOLF was contented to nurse 'em, and tache
'em to speak,
So, as Sunday-schools wasn't invented, poor boys! they got
flogg'd all the week!

Notwithstanding the parties are dead, their ingratitude I
must bewail;
But these lads took it into their head, on the schoolmaster's
rod to turn tail:
So to sea they went vagabondizing, with many a fellow and
wench,
And their *Fleet*, which was very surprising, was mann'd from
the boys of the *Bench*.

In Italy landing so pretty, where fortunes by singing are
made,
They all began building a city, and soon were *au fait* at the
trade:
Till O'RAMUS, to breed a commotion, made jokes of the plan
they'd laid down,
And said, "he'd of a City no notion, he liked the West-end
of the town."

Overhearing him talk in this fashion, O'ROMULUS thought it
unkind,
And flew in such a devil's-own passion, with a Belcher he
knock'd out his wind—

Was crown'd, and next day, like a sinner, scarce sorry for
 what he had done,
 Ax'd all the Miss SABINES to dinner, and married them every
 one.

Thus he took his full swing of renown, when he ought to have
 swung in a rope,
 And ROME it was knock'd up and down, till it fell in the lap
 of the POPE;
 From the Pope NAPPY boned it, so civil; and, faith! as the
 matter now stands,
 Tho' folks call'd him a comical divle,—it might have got into
 worse hands.

9. APOLOGY FOR A SONG.

The cloth taken out, and fresh liquor brought in,
 You ask for a song; and expect I'll begin:
 When a man's once knock'd down, there's no saying I won't,
 He may sing if he likes, and he must if he don't.

Fol de rol, &c.

That point being settled, I come to the next,
 And now, like the parson, I look for my text;
 For in writing a song 'tis as well, without doubt,
 To be able to tell what the ditty's about.

Fol de rol, &c.

Should my song treat of PHYSIC, you'll call it a pill,
 And ask, can I think such good company ill?
 Should I sing about LAW, 'twill your patience offend,
 For with that once begin, and you'll ne'er find the end.

Fol de rol, &c.

Or why about WAR should I drum in your ears,
 Or bore ye with mortars or tall grenadiers?
 To put wine in my song I were easily able,
 But isn't there plenty of that on the table?

Fol de rol, &c.

For politic matters I care not two pins,
 Nor value a button the Outs or the Ins:
 What's your song then about? you may cry in a huff;
 Why, I answer, I think—'tis about—long enough.

Fol de rol, &c.

10. OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

O talk no more of Emperor Nap, a greater king is Cupid,
 Who decks the wise with folly's cap, and animates the stupid.
 Of archery he wears the crown, the prince of bows and arrows,
 Whose aim at game still brings them down, like woodlarks,
 snipes, and sparrows.

Old JUPITER, of love so full, (the fact I lay before ye,)
 Became a swan, a cloud, a bull, and courted *con amore*,
 And when fair DANÆ on him frown'd, he, in the shape
 beguiling
 Of five and twenty thousand pounds, turn'd all her frowns
 to smiling.

Bluff MARS was taken by surprise; ALCIDES learn'd to spin,
 sirs:

But, leaving gods to mind the skies, with mortals I'll begin,
 sirs;—

For CLEOPATRA all must grieve, in love no lady kinder,
 She lost her life before she'd leave her ANTONY behind her.

But PYRAMUS, thy love was small, for what a soul must *his*
 be,

Who couldn't climb a garden-wall for such a girl as THISBE;
 When Mistress ORPHEUS died, good lack! her spouse, ere he'd
 renounce her,

Went to old scratch to fetch her back,—but that must be a
 bouncer.

Old Troy by HELEN wrapt in flame, through PARIS once
 was undone,

And PARIS wish'd to do the same, but not for love of
 LONDON;

Miss HERO, she put out her lamp, while watching for
 LEANDER,

Who swam till he had caught the cramp, and perished like
 a gander.

But, lest of love I sing too long, and tedious you should
 think it,

One wish sincere shall end my song, and if you please we'll
 drink it;

May beauteous woman long inspire, not tricks of fabled story,
 But Love and Hymen light a fire to lead to deeds of glory.

11. BRIAN BORU.

TUNE—*Since Love is the plan, I'll Love if I can.*

O! Kilmurymachrahan's a place you would bless,
 Where whisky costs nothing, and buttermilk less;
 And its near to that same is a neat little spot,
 Where my grandfather's grandfather dwelt in his cot;
 Whose children, from Dennis to Terence and Pat,
 Each stuck up a peg for a traveller's hat,
 For 'twas land of their own, where the murphies first grew,
 And they all were descended from BRIAN BORU.

In our garden, to charm both the eye and the nose,
 Nature always seem'd dressed in her holiday clothes:
 And so sweet was the smell of the whisky we brew'd,
 That a pig in the parlour would sometimes intrude.
 Then at the assizes I've ta'en up a broom,
 To leather a cow from the counsellors' room:
 For we let off a chamber as other folks do,
 Who may *not* be descended from BRIAN BORU.

But sweetest of all was that beautiful maid,
 At the door of whose cabin I've oft left my spade!
 From the window she'd peep, like a sly fairy elf,
 Crying, "Mister Killrooney, get out wid yourself!"
 "If you stop till I open the wicket, my dear,
 "I'll be making a noise which *nobody* can hear;"
 Then I always behav'd as all gentlemen do,
 Who, like me, are descended from BRIAN BORU.

12. THE HEART OF A SAILOR.

'Tisn't the jacket or trowsers blue,
 The song, or the grog so cheerly,
 That shew us the heart of a seaman true,
 Or tell us his manners sincerely.
 'Tis the hour of strife, when venturing life,
 Where the spirits of Prudence might fail her,
 In battle he'll sing for Britannia and King,
 And this shews the HEART of a sailor!

'Tisn't his merriment kindled ashore,
 By the cash oft too quickly expended;
 'Tisn't his going to sea for more,
 When the store in the locker is ended.
 'Tis the hour of distress, when misfortunes oppress
 And virtue finds sorrow assail her;
 'Tis the bosom of grief made glad by relief,
 That pictures the heart of a sailor!

13. A PORTRAIT.

TUNE—*Pretty Maud.*

Two and twenty miles from town, on a hill, on a hill,
 'Mid green moss and heather brown, near a rill,
 In a wild sequester'd spot, I've a very little cot,
 Which to see shall be your lot, when you will.

Either side a simple hatch, there's a seat, there's a seat,
 And no barrier but a latch will you meet;
 Nought your entrance to oppose but some straggling branch
 that grows
 From the woodbine and the rose, blended sweet.

Every flower of every hue, class or kind, class or kind,
 Scarlet, yellow, white, or blue, there you'll find:
 And tho' there we are denied those gay scenes the town
 supplied,
 We've a little *London pride*, left behind.

Should you think my roof too low, as you stand, as you
 stand,
 We've an easy chair, you know, close at hand;
 And my floor, tho' like my lays, 'tis but poor, is deck'd with
 baize (bays)
 And my hearth can boast a blaze, at command.

With no new-made foreign dish are we stored, are we stored,
 But plain fowl and fresh-caught fish deck the board:
 And, instead of liveried folks, some rude clown your mirth
 provokes,
 When he laughs at master's jokes, oft encored.

To kill care, tho' we've no play, ball or rout, ball or rout,
 Yet books and music gay keep him out :
 And no carriage tho' we use, we've good thick-soled boots
 and shoes

To expel unwholesome dews, and the gout.

From the cabin where we rest, you ascend, you ascend,
 To the bed we call the best, for a friend ;
 No drap'ries there invite, but simple green and white,
 And when we've said "good night," there's an end.

14. MAY WE NE'ER WANT A FRIEND OR A BOTTLE TO
 GIVE HIM.

From the first dawn of reason that beam'd on my mind,
 And taught me how favor'd by fortune my lot,
 To share that good fortune I still was inclined,
 And impart to who wanted what I wanted not.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man to relieve him,
 And my motto, though simple, means more than it says,
 "May we ne'er want a friend or a bottle to give him!"

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
 Or by poverty bow'd, tho' of evils the least,
 The smile of a friend may invite to content,
 And we all know content is an excellent feast.
 'Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
 When a man feels distress like a man to relieve him,
 And my motto, tho' simple, means more than it says,
 "May we ne'er want a friend or a bottle to give him!"

15. ON SEEING A CENOTAPH AT GREENWICH,
 IN COMMEMORATION OF "THE BARD OF THE NAVY."

Stop ! shipmate, stop ! He can't be dead,
 His lay yet lives to memory dear,
 His spirit, merely shot a-head,
 Will yet command Jack's smile and tear.
 Still in my ear the songs resound,
 That stemm'd the torrent at the NORE;
 Avast ! each hope of mirth's aground,
 Should CHARLEY be indeed no more !

The evening watch, the sounding lead,
 Will sadly miss old CHARLEY's *line*.
 Saturday Night may go to bed,
 His sun is set no more to shine !
 "Sweethearts and Wives," tho' we may sing,
 And toast, at sea, the girls on shore,
 Yet now 'tis quite another thing,
 Since CHARLEY spins the yarn no more !

JACK RATTLIN's story now who'll tell ?
 Or chronicle each boatswain brave,
 The *sailor's* kind historian fell
 With him who sung the *soldier's* grave !
 Poor Jack ! Ben Backstay ! but, belay !
 Starboard and larboard, aft and fore,
 Each from his brow may swab the spray,
 Since tuneful CHARLEY is no more !

The capstan, compass, and the log,
 Will oft his Muse to memory bring,
 And, when all hands wheel round the grog,
 They'll drink and blubber as they sing.
 For grog was often CHARLEY's theme,
 A double spirit then it bore,
 It sometimes seems to me a dream
 That such a spirit is no more !
 It smoothed the tempest, cheer'd the calm,
 Made each a hero at his gun,
 It even proved for foes a balm,
 Soon as the angry fight was done.
 Then, shipmate, check that rising sigh,
 He's only gone a-head before,
 For even foremast-men must die,
 As well as CHARLEY, now no more.

16. *On the Marriage of RICHARD FREE, ESQ. to MARY LAWSON,
 of Melcombe Regis.*

"At length I am *Free* !" when the knot was tied,
 Said Mary to Dicky of Melcombe.
 "Thank fortune you *are*," the glad husband replied,
 And not more *Free* than welcome !

17. THE NEGRO.

Great way off at sea, when at home I beenee,
 Buckraman steal me from de coast of Guinea;
 Christian massa pray, call me heathen doggee,
 Den I run away, very much he floggee!

Ching, ching, &c.

White man bring me here, and good Christian makee,
 Lady fair, O dear! for a footman takee :
 Stand behind her chair, play at cards for guinea,
 Always she play fair, yet she always winnee.

Lady run away, den de lawyer takee,
 Latin word he say, and great rogue he makee :
 Poor man den I saw, go to law so funny,
 He have all de law, massa all de money.

After dat I go, wid de doctor livee,
 Hold him hand out *so*,—and de fee dey givee ;
 Dey be fool enough, massa make great fussee,
 Give de patient stuff, and make de poor man worsee.

Actor man so gay for a sarvee hire me,
 Tragedy he play, playhouse never tire me;
 Massa often die, den good wine he quaffee,
 All de people cry, I and massa laughee.

Neger girl I see, love her sweet as honey,
 Soon she marry me, she and I get money ;
 Happy she and I, live among our betters,
 Heaven go when die,—if buckraman will let us.

Ching a ring, &c.

18. CUPID AN IRISHMAN.

Let poets berhyme master Cupid, and talk of his mam and
 his dad,
 By my conscience we're not quite so stupid, we know he's an
 Irish lad :
 He wheedles so, Och botheration ! 'twas there I first found
 out the rogue,
 And I'll prove it to all in the nation the language of love is
 the BROGUE.

Old JUPITER oft went a-wooing, was rakish, polite, debonaire,
 Was partial to billing and cooing, and knew how to talk to the fair;
 EUROPA he loved to distraction, with the passion his heart was so full,
 That, to prove it of Irish extraction, he carried her off on a BULL.

19. FROM THE ALBUM OF A BLUE.

O the old British poets are all my delight,
 They TICKELL my fancy from morning till night,
 When a SUCKLING so GAY, I'd go SWIFT to my pallet,
 To STEEL points from CUTLER, or smart *hits* from MALLETT,
 To me STERN was gentle, and GRAY ever YOUNG,
 I with BROOM *swept* the lyre,
 Altho' I had, PRIOR,
 With AKENSIDE read what a SAVAGE once sung,
 In a hOT WAY I'd sup, in a DRY DEN would dine,
 If COOPER and BUTLER would furnish the wine.
 Tho' no papist I'd SHAKE-SPEAR in aid of A. POPE,
 And I BURNS (tho' no CAMP BELLE) for *Pleasures of Hope*.
 With RICHARD'S SON, TOM'S SON, or JOHN'S SON, I'm sure
 I could live upon LANDSDOWN, or die on a MOORE.
 And hAd-I-son, daughter, or friend, hating rhyme,
 Like a CRABBE I'd—but wait, and I'll tell you next time.

20. THE ORIGIN OF NAVAL ARTILLERY.

When VULCAN forged the bolts of Jove
 In Etna's roaring glow,
 Neptune petitioned he might prove
 Their use and power below;
 But finding in the boundless deep
 Their thunders did but idly sleep,
 He with them arm'd Britannia's hand,
 To guard from foes her native land.

Long may she own the glorious right,
And when through circling flame
She darts her thunder in the fight,
May justice guide her aim.
And when opposed in future wars,
Her soldiers brave and gallant tars
Shall launch her fires from every hand,
On every foe to Britain's land.

21. BOB AND KITTY.

When Kitty Clover came to town
She'd cherry cheeks, and her hair was brown,
With a hey down ! derry derry down.

But lord ! how Lunnun alters all,
She wears a wig, tho' she's no call,
And her cheeks be whiten'd like a wall,
Wi' a hey down, &c.

When Robin Redpole left his dad,
He wur a stout-built country lad,
Wi' a hey down, &c.

His feace was plump, and his hair was red,
But to dress it smart in town, 'tis said,
He ha' cropp'd ev'ry morsel off his head,
Wi' a hey down, &c.

Kate lost the colour off her cheek,
And bought some more in less than a week,
Wi' a hey down, &c.

And what adds most to our surprise,
Through a squinting glass our Robin spies,
As thof' with his hair he had lost both his eyes,
Wi' a hey down, &c.

When I heard in a church they'd grace to wed,
I thought they were better than folks had said,
Wi' a hey down, &c.

But a Lunnun vop soon made great strife,
Kate swore she lov'd un more than life,
And Bob ran away wi' another man's wife,
Wi' a hey down, &c.

Then, lads and lasses stay at home,
Nor wish, like Kate or Bob to roam,

Wi' a hey down, &c.

To nature stick, leave off disguise,
Keep hair and colour, shape and eyes,
And when wed, why, keep your spouse likewise,
Wi' a hey down ! derry derry down.

22. THE WAY TO GRETNA.

Love lay lurking in a dell,—

I was then but just sixteen,—

“Miss,” said he, “pray can you tell
Me the way to Gretna Green?”

I pretending not to know

Who he was, with smiles replied,

“Love alone the road should show,
And I’m in want of such a guide.”

“Love! why, lady, love is blind:”

“Sir, I doubt if that be true,

Now and then, fair maidens find,

Love can see as well as *you*.”

“Oh, but I have heard folks tell,
Love’s at once a sage and dunce!”

“Yet, sir, I found him very well,
Very well indeed, for *once*.”

“Gretna Green’s a sad disgrace,”

Said he, “where frolic Hymen reigns,

But Vulcan has usurp’d his place,

And only forges iron chains:”

“That may be a fact,” said I,

“But for myself the judge I’ll be,

And very much should like to try

My luck, if love would go with me.”

23. THE TWO LAWYERS.—A VERITABLE STORY.

Two Lawyers, d’ye mind me, once dwelt in our town,
They were thought very wise by each country clown:
Each had a long head, nay, what’s more, a long purse,
And, if one was a rogue, why the other was worse.

Fol de rol, &c.

One met me afield, I was ploughing my ground,
 And swore that I owed 'n a hundred pound ;
 Nay, he swore I should pay it, however unwilling,
 When, lord help his head, I ne'er ow'd 'n a shilling.

When my wife heard the tale she desired me to go
 To the other attorney the matter to show ;
 " Then, Robin," says she, " why I'se warrant we match him,
 For if one rogue you want, set another to catch him."

My attorney he look'd very grave—and, says he,
 " My friend, you must first of all give me a fee ;"
 So I down'd with the dust, tho' I own I was loath,
 For, thinks I, " ten to one I shall have to pay both."

" Now," says he, " let 'n swear as he will till all's blue,
 He may swear what he likes, and I'll swear 'tis all true ;"
 " Why Lord ! sir, you wouldn't ?"—" Nay, don't be afraid,
 Vor an' he swears 'twas borrowed, I'll swear it was paid."

24. JUG, JUG, JUG, THE BOTTLES SING !

I've liv'd a life of some few years,
 I'm fifty-four to-morrow,
 Once for one smile I shed three tears,
 And mingled joy with sorrow.
 Now wiser grown, I scorn to cry,
 Though tears are wet, and I am dry ;
 So, if a drop I've in my eye,
 It's only when the glasses ring,
 And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

The friend I trusted, lack-a-day !
 Most scurvily abused me ;
 The wife I married ran away
 With him who had thus us'd me.
 My grief, too big to let me cry,
 Could only tell my sorrows dry ;
 So, if a drop was in my eye,
 'Twas when I heard the glasses ring,
 And jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

Yet think not tho' some folks are bad,
 Ill usage sets me sulking,
 From duty's call old Matt's the lad,
 Who ne'er was fond of skulking.
 While love for Britain wets my eye,
 Like ev'ry tar my best I'll try
 To thrash her foes ; and when I'm dry,
 Drink all her friends, her queen and king,
 While jug, jug, jug, the bottles sing.

25. THEATRICAL NONTONGPAW.

WRITTEN IN 1832.

Oh well-a-day ! ah, woe is me !
 " Seeing what I've seen, and what I see,"
 Since when a play improved the age,
 And little DAVY graced the stage !
 OLD DRURY would in turn excel,
 Next COVENT GARDEN pleas'd as well,
 Till lords and lawsuits chang'd the law,
 And taste exclaim'd, " Je n'entend pas !"

To DRURY grand committees came,
 And management meant making game ;
 KINNAIRD and PETER MOORE, M.P.
Agreed to always disagree !
 And LAMB and ESSEX, midst the fun,
 Own'd, more they did the less was done ;
 And BYRON, quizzing all he saw,
 Exclaim'd Messieurs, " Je n'entend pas !"

Thus things went wrong as wrong could be,
 When up arose the GREAT LESSEE !
 And really tried the best he could
 To prove the best could do no good.
 Poor BOBBY, with no small pretence,
 Found all the joke at his expense :
 Till for a master DRURY saw
 A sort of AMERICAN Nontongpaw !

Old stagers now beheld with pain
 The THEATRE FEDERAL DRURY LANE,
 Where brilliant stars began to fade,
 While *under Price* got *overpaid*;
 The Yankee stripes then ceased to fly,
 And music-shops and captains vie,
 Which most could prove a Johnny Raw
 In what they certainly n'entend pas.

Meantime poor COVENT GARDEN fell
 And rose, how oft no tongue can tell :
 GEORGE ROBINS (pleas'd by turns, or loth
 To help each House, or knock down both,)
 A loan entreats,—the town befriends,
 And FANNY K. her talent lends ;
 When here the next lessee we saw,
 A genuine Monsieur Nontongpaw !

Our authors long have learn'd to dance
 To Paris for new plays from France ;
 And now we saw our actors too
 To make their way must *parlez-vous* ;
 MACBETH held talk with weird "*Sorcières*,"
 And HAMLET cried "*fi donc, ma mère*."
 While SHYLOCK to fair Portia's law
 Said, "*Blesh ma heart, je nontongpaw !*"

The Minors grew, their playbills say,
 Quite equal SHAKSPEARE's dreams to play ;
 Or else attraction took the aid
 Of beauty to support the trade.
 To ladies' claims who'er was deaf ?
 Where mistress *W.* or *F.*,
 Or Madame *V.* dispens'd the law
 As well as Monsieur Nontongpaw.

The drama's laws her patrons give,
 "And those must please who please to live ;"
 And yet I sigh for those past days
 When British men wrote British plays.
 And tho' we're ever pleased to view
 Ameri-ca in merry *cue*,
 She ought not to our stage give law
 No more than Monsieur Nontongpaw.

Once children played instead of men,
 Which never may we see again !
 And, tho' our stage the ladies grace,
 Their *management* is out of place.
 Oh, soon may native dramas shine,
 And foreign aid and girls divine
 All duly placed, gain due eclat,
 Then none will cry "je n'entend pas !"

26. THE YORKSHIREMAN.

WRITTEN FOR JOHN EMERY.

By the side o' a brig that stands over a brook,
 I were sent betimes to school,
 I went wi' the stream, as I studied my book,
 And were thought to be no small fool.
 I ne'er yet bought a pig in a poke,
 To gi' Old Nick his due,
 Yet I ha' dealt wi' Yorkshire folk,
 But I were Yorkshire too.

I were pratty well lik'd by each village maid,
 At races, wake, or fair,
 For my father had addled a vast in trade,
 And I were his son to a hair.
 And seeing I did not want for brass,
 Gay maidens came to woo,
 But tho' I lik'd a Yorkshire lass,
 Yet I were Yorkshire too.

Then to Lunnun by father I was sent,
 Genteeler manners to see,
 But fashion's so dear—I came back as I went,
 And so they made nothing o' me.
 My kind relations would soon ha' found out
 What were best wi' my money to do,
 But, says I, my dear cousins, I thank ye for nought,
 I's not to be cozen'd by you.

For I'm Yorkshire, &c.

27. SONG.

IN THE CHARACTER OF "PARTRIDGE," IN TOM JONES.

OBADIAH SNAGS he was buried, and for why?

It happen'd on the 1st of August;

He never would have suffer'd it, but that he chanced to die,
A week before the 1st of August.

I lived with him as usher, when he taught school night and
day,

And, when the pretty little boys their lessons couldn't say,
This cruel-hearted monster gave 'em—leave to go and play,
All in the month of August.

Except a dozen duck-legg'd ladies, everybody owns,

In May or June, July or August,

There never was a nicer girl than little Jenny Jones,

Bright and comely as the moon in August.

She kept Obadiah's house, which I bought in days of bliss,
And thought I'd hire the *maid*, whom no one ever thought a
miss;

Gave her wages, tea, and sugar, vails, and, now and then—
but this

Was not upon the 1st of August.

They laid a little foundling in a great squire's bed,

This happen'd on the 1st of August.

Being pretty, it was very like both Jane and me, 'twas said,
All in the month of August;

And the dozen duck-legg'd ladies, mighty glad to find a flaw,
Because poor Jenny disappeared, they laid it down as law,
That she and I, no matter how, had made a fox's paw,
All in the month of August.

The squire would not listen to a word I had to say,

All in the month of August,

And neighbours came and took my little scholars all away,

This was in the month of August.

My wife had died, and each one cried 'twas my fault, great
and small,

So I closed my school, and much I grieve my sorrows to
recall,

Lost ev'ry boy I'd got, through one I never had at all!

And so much for the month of August!

28. THE CHINESE INSURRECTION.

FROM THE "PEKIN GAZETTE."

"Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."—FALSTAFF.

Thrice all China rang, when hot-headed HOOK-WANG
 With traitors dared combine,
 And thrice more it rung, when falsèr QUANG-TUNG
 Doubled the rebel line ;
 But worst of the three, when wicked KWANG-SEE
 Rang out the number nine !

The EMPEROR tall, in Celestial Hall,
 Said to Mandarin Ho-HI,
 "Go hang up HOOK-WANG, or bring the whole gang
 "Of that province, before me to die.
 "And next to HI-HO," he said, "rapidly go
 "And take with you TWANKEY-TONG-TEA ;
 'Ere the next gong has rung, cut out every QUANG-TONGUE,
 "And extinguish all eyes in KWANG-SEE."

Then said Mandarin Ho, beginning to *crow*,
 "Had I Empire on our side I'd bet it."
 Said HI, "When all's done, tho' an Empire you won,
 "I wish you'd not wish you might get it."
 Besides said Ho-HI, beginning to *cry*,
 "There's more risk than our master supposes,
 "Should the rebels once win, their leader LONG-CHIN
 "Is a devil at cutting off *noses* !"

Each mandarin flew, with bow, bell and bamboo,
 And the thing was done decent^{lee},
 On a hook HOOK-WANG hung, and they cut out each tongue
 In QUANG-TUNG, and all eyes in KWANG-See.
 This merciful song,* sung by Ho and LONG-TONG,
 And Ho-HI took a day but in all,
 As Mandarin Ho, let us Englishmen know,
 Through a hole in the heavenly wall.

* In the figurative language of the Chinese, deeds are often called songs.

29. THE BIRTH, PARENTAGE, AND CHRISTENING OF
DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY.

WRITTEN FOR MR. JOHNSTONE.

I was born once at home, when my mother was out
In her reckoning, an accident brought it about ;
As for family honours, and such kind of fun,
Tho' some boast of forefathers, yet I had but one.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Our cottage was fill'd, tho' 'twas not very big,
With poultry and pictures, three chairs and a pig ;
Our dog was call'd Dennis ; our cow, Paddy Whack ;
But till christen'd I hadn't a name to my back.
Derry down, &c.

When I came to be christen'd, my poor mother saw
On my face our dog Dennis was setting his paw :
" What's his name ?" says the priest : " Down, Dennis," says
she,
So DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY he christen'd me.
Derry down, &c.

I grew up, I got married, and left in the lurch,
For my wife died before I could get her to church ;
I with her was too late,—with my second too soon,
For she brought me a son in the first honeymoon.
Derry down, &c.

I was vex'd : " And," says I, " not to make a great fuss ;
Three months the priest reckons since he coupled us."
That's right reck'ning," says she, " for 'tis three months by
mine,
" And three by your own, which together make nine."
Derry down, &c.

To bury this lady came next in my head,
For no other cause, but because—she was dead ;
So I married once more (I suppose you guess now),
The beautiful cratur that keeps the Red Cow.
Derry down, &c.

My lambkin she scolds when the brandy I sup,
 Till some husbands would foolishly tuck themselves up ;
 But tho' in a noose I am fast with a wife,
 Yet, thank fortune, I never was hang'd in my life.

Derry down, &c.

But away with complaint ; for myself ne'er intends
 To grieve, while my house holds such bushels of friends.
 So my fortune I'll pocket, wherever it be,
 And cry, " Ladies and gentlemen, thank ye for me."

Derry down, &c.

30. *On the Marriage of MR. PRETTY, of Fore Street, to MISS BROWN, of Bucklersbury.*

He was Pretty and She was Brown,
Aye, and plain, said old maids in the City ;
 Yet he took her to church, and I'll wager a crown,
 She came out again pleased and *Pretty*.

31. EPITAPH

On GILES GOLDSWORTHY, a celebrated Miser, of Flintshire.

Gold was his idol, his glory, his pride,
 In riches a true believer ;
 On consols and cash in this world he relied,
 And he died of the *yellow fever*.
 A hater of monarchy born and bred,
 He never loved *sovereigns* till *guineas* were dead.

32. ALWAYS WELCOME.

At each inn on the road I a welcome could find :
 At the *Fleece* I'd my *skin* full of ale ;
 The two *Jolly Brewers* were quite to my mind,
 At the *Dolphin* I drank like a *whale*.
 Tom TUN at the *Hogshead* sold pretty good stuff :
 They'd capital flip at the *Boar* ;
 And when at the *Angel* I'd tippled enough,
 I went to the *Devil* for more.

Then I'd always a sweetheart so snug at the bar ;
 At the *Rose* I'd a *lily* so white,
 Few *planets* could equal sweet Nan at the *Star*,
 No eyes ever twinkled so bright.
 I've had many a *hug* at the sign of the *Bear* ;
 In the *Sun* courted morning and noon,
 And when night put an end to my happiness there,
 I'd a sweet little girl in the *Moon*.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
 Of wedlock to set up the sign ;
Hand-in-hand the *good woman* I look for in you,
 And the *Horns* I hope ne'er will be mine.
 Once guard to the mail, I'm now guard to the fair ;
 But tho' my commission's laid down,
 Yet while the *King's Arms* I'm permitted to bear,
 Like a *Lion* I'll fight for the *Crown*.

33. EPITAPH

*On a Youth as hideously deformed in Person as he was eminently
 amiable in Disposition.*

So little graced by Nature, 'twould appear
 That he was formed to shock the kindest eye.
 So good ! His ugliness alone lies here :
 For the soul's real beauty ne'er can die.

34. THE IRISH DUEL.

Potatoes grow in Limerick, and beef at Ballymore,
 And buttermilk is beautiful, but that you knew before ;
 And Irishmen love pretty girls, but none could love more true
 Than little Paddy Whackmackrack lov'd Kate O'Donohoo.

Now Katty was as neat a lass as ever tripp'd the sod,
 And Paddy bore with equal grace a musket or a hod ;
 With trowel and with bayonet by turns the hero chose
 To build up houses for his friends, and then to *charge* his foes.

When gentle people fall in love, love's never at a loss
 To find some ugly customers their happiness to cross;
 And Paddy found no little trouble from a rival swain,
 Who kept the Cat and Cucumber in Cauliflower-lane.
 The youth was named Mackirkincroft, a very dapper elf,
 Whose clothes they fit him neatly, for he made them all
 himself;

A tailor blade he was by trade, of natty boys the broth,
 Because he always cut his coat according to his cloth.

But Paddy knew the feelings of a gentleman, it hurts
 To find another ungenteelly sticking in his skirts;
 So sent a challenge without fear, for, tho' he wasn't rich,
 He call'd himself a gentleman, and still behav'd as *sick*.

Mackirky too good manners knew, for he, as it appears,
 To Paddy wrote for leave that he might cut off both his ears;
 Says Pat, to that, in style polite, as you may well suppose,
 My ears you're very welcome to, but first I'll pull your nose.

The when and where was settled fair, when Pat, as bold as
 brass,

Cried, "You know what we fight about?" Mackirky cried,
 "Alas!"

And then in haste, and not to waste such very precious time,
 One prim'd without a loading, t'other loaded without prime.

Then back to back they stood, good lack! to measure yards
 a score,

Mackirkincroft such honest measure never gave before;
 He walk'd so light, that out of sight full fairly he was seen,
 And Paddy shot a finger-post some half a mile between.

Now Kate and Pat soon after that in wedlock's bands were
 join'd,

Mackirky he kept walking on, and never look'd behind;
 And till this day his ghost, they say, for he of love expir'd,
 Keeps walking round the finger-post at which bold Paddy
 fired.

35. *Sung by MR. BRAHAM, in the Character of "Mungo."*

Massa DON DIEGO he bother me so,
 Nobody know how me come and me go,
 He forget me great prince, born at *Waramako*,
 My father King QUASHEE QUAM BO!

Him beautiful subjects, great Queen for him chum,
 Him love 'em all dearly till buckraman come,
 Den he sell de whole kit for a bottle of rum!
 Waramako, O ho!

Me too wed fair lady, a very big black,
 Sweet Annamaboo, Kokkarawoo!
 My name not *den* MUNGO, but CHICKERAWACK,
 Never such chief you know!
 Me Black Prince o' Wales in while feather so tall,
 My princess so *large*, pickaninnies so small,
 But de bottle of rum he much better dan all.
 Waramako, O ho!

One wife not enough, Massa MUNGO have two,
 Nobody know how dey come and dey go.
 So cross, one look black while de oder look blue,
 What a poor Mungo do?

Why *when* Cappen Buckra again come one day,
 Me take him in corner, and softly me say,
 "Me give you *one* wife to take t'other away!"
 Ha, ha, ha! O ho!

Massa say me "You tipsy! stan still like a man!"
 Oh, oh, oh, oh! Waramako!
 Me tell him he bid me do more dan I can,
 Poor Mungo go, "How come you so?"
 Den down in de cellar me makee my bed,
 And on a rum puncheon me pillow my head,
 De world him turn round, and de devil him's dead.
 Hic! Waramako, O ho!

36. THE DEATH OF ABERCROMBIE.

Recitative.

'Twas on the spot in ancient lore oft named,
 Where ISIS and OSIRIS once held sway
 O'er kings who sleep in pyramidic pride:
 But, now for British valour far more famed,
 Since NELSON's band achiev'd a glorious day,
 And graced by conquest ABERCROMBIE died!

Air.

Her orient colours the dawn had not spread
 O'er a field that stern slaughter had tinted too red ;
 All was dark, 'save one flash at the cannon's hoarse sound,
 When the brave Abercrombie received his death-wound !
 His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
 Though to Albion's renown he gave one laurel more.

With a mind unsubdued still the foe he defied,
 On the steed which the hero of Acre supplied ;
 'Till feeling he soon to fate's summons muse yield,
 He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield.
 His comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
 Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

The standard of Britain by victory crown'd,
 Waved over his head while he sank on the ground.
 "Take me hence, my brave friends!" he exclaimed with a sigh:
 "My duty's complete, and CONTENTED I DIE!"

37. PETER PULLHAUL'S MEDLEY.

Near Kew one morn was Peter born,
 At Limehouse educated ;
 I learnt to pull of Simon Scull,
 And a tightish lad was rated.
 For coat and badge I'd often try,
 And when first oars, 'twas who but I;
 While the pretty girls would archly cry,
 "O didn't you hear of a jolly young waterman
 Who at Blackfriars'-bridge used for to ply,
 He feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,
 Winning each heart, and delighting each eye.
 When grown a man, I soon began
 To quit each boyish notion ;
 With old Benbow I swore to go,
 And tempt the roaring ocean.
 Ten years I sarv'd with him or nigh,
 And saw the gallant hero die;
 Yet 'scaped each shot myself, for why,
 "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"

To Italy a great grandee
 Brought me through fortune's steerage,
 By chance of war a British tar
 May meet Italian peerage.*
 Now hither sent by friends unkind,
 And in this island close confined,
 I sigh for that I've left behind,
 Because it's a nice little island,
 "A right little, tight little island:
 May its commerce increase,
 And the blessings of peace
 Long glad every heart in the island."

38. LITTLE TERESE.

A very *little* while ago was I eighteen, and then
 Thought *little* of the pretty *little* things said by the men,
 Yet, if a *little* sweetheart ask'd me for a *little* smile,
 I never kept him waiting but a very *little* while.
 To a pretty *little* country-church with somebody I'll stray,
 Then with a *little* dinner make a merry *little* day,
 A little dance and supper, and perhaps a *little* song,
 Shall keep our *little* party laughing, may be all night long.
 Next through a *little* honeymoon we'd quaff goodhumour's cup,
 While *little* quarrels would but cause a *little* making-up,
 Or if a *little* family should bring a *little* care,
 Why these are *little* troubles *little* girls must learn to bear.

39. A BAG OF NAILS.

My very merry gentle people, only list a minute,
 For, though my song it is not long,
 There's something comic in it.
 To sing of *nails*, if you'll permit,
 My sportive Muse intends, sirs,
 A subject that which I have pat
 Just at my fingers' ends, sirs.

* In allusion to the Neapolitan honors conferred on Lord Nelson.

The world it is a bag of nails, and some are very queer ones,

And some are *flats* and some are *sharps*,

And some are very dear ones.

We've *sprigs*, and *spikes*, and *sparables*,

Some little, great, and small, sir;

Some folks love *nails* with monstrous heads,

And some love none at all, sir.

The bachelor's a hob-nail, who rusts for want of use, sir,

The miser's they're no *nails* at all,

They're all a pack of *screws*, sir.

An enemy would get some *clouts*

If here they chanced to roam, sir,

And Englishmen, like hammers, would

Be sure to drive them home, sir.

The doctor nails you with his *bill*, which often proves a sore nail;

The undertaker wishes you

As dead as any *door-nail*.

You'll often find each agent

Fond of *nailing* his employer,

The lawyer nails his client,

And the devil nails the lawyer!

Dame Fortune is a brad-awl, and often does contrive it

To make each nail go easily

Where'er she please to drive it.

Then if I gain your kind applause

For what I've sung or said, sir;

Then you'll admit that I have hit

The right nail on the head, sir.

40. ALPHABETICAL GOSSIP.

ARTHUR Ask'd AMY's Affection,

BET, Being BENJAMIN's Bride,

Coolly Cut CHARLES's Connection;

DEBORAH, DICKY Denied.

ELEANOR's Eye, Efficacious,

FREDERICK's Fatally Feels;

GILES Gained GEORGIANA--Good Gracious!

HARRY Hates HELEN's High Heels.

ISAAC IS ISABEL'S Idol,
 JENNY JEERS JONATHAN JONES:
 KATH'RINE KNOWS KNOCK-KNEED KIT KRIEDAL,
 LOVE'S LEERING LUCY'S LONG-bones.
 MARY MEETS MORTIFICATIONS,
 NICHOLAS NANCY NEGLECTS,
 OLIVER'S ODD OBSERVATIONS
 PROVE PETER POOR PATTY PROTECTS!
 QUAKER QUINTILIAN'S QUEER QUIBBLES
 RED RACHEL'S REASONS RESIST:
 SOFT SIMON'S SYMPATHY SCRIBBLES
 TALES TO TALL TABITHA TWIST.
 URS'LA UNTHINKING, UNDOING
 VOLATILE VALENTINE'S VEST,
 WILLIAM'S WILD WICKEDER WOOING
 'XCEEDS YOUTHFUL ZELICA'S ZEST.

41. SPITALFIELDS.

TUNE—*The Sprig of Shellelagh and Shamrock so green.*

Foreign muslins and satins are beautiful wear,
 And when France forms the rose that adds grace to the hair,
 Equal joy to the loved and the lover it yields,
 But will not reflection bring added delight,
 And pride, honest pride, swell with joy at the sight,
 Of *native* production each British-born maid
 Adorning, while nobly supporting the trade
 Of hardworking hundreds in famed SPITALFIELDS?

The soft silks of *Lyons*, there's none but a *Bear*
 Would misprize, since to give 'em their due is but fair,
 And own GALLIA her shuttle with cleverness wields,
 But when native beauty appears in her best,
 Which means by her countrymen's industry drest,
 Her feelings much more than the ball are a treat,
 Where the heart beats responsive with joy to her feet,
 While she serves honest hundreds in famed SPITALFIELDS.

The wine-merchant talks about Chateau Margot,
 Smart Sillery, Hermitage, Clos de Vergeo,
 And Claret, and all that French grapery yields;

He shows you their samples in glass or in wood,
 Then sells you *old English* brew'd vintage as good,
 And so may our weavers neglected, who groan,
 Get paid foreign prices for goods of their own,
 Made by hardworking hundreds in famed SPITALFIELDS.

Ye beauties of Britain who, glad with your gold,
 Native artists, their smiles will appear in each fold,
 Of the drap'ry our island-born industry yields,
 And think, when adorning the court and the play,
 Grace reflected from *gratitude* makes you more gay,
 While joy sits in the skirts bought of those you relieve,
 And their children, like cherubs, shall laugh in each sleeve,
 Form'd by hardworking hundreds in famed SPITALFIELDS.

May trade lend the linen of Ireland a *lift*,
 And Scotia's industry be crown'd with due thrift,
 And Wales fairly earn what from poverty shields;
 May England supporting commercial rights,
 As honestly labour as bravely she fights,
 Thus Scotia and Cambria and Erin shall be
 As happy as Englishmen yet hope to see
 The hardworking hundreds of famed SPITALFIELDS!

P.S.

Ye MAJORS and MINORS who govern the STAGE,
 Oh! rescue from strange importations the age,
 And try what our *own* native intellect yields,
 Let *Larmoyante* comedies lie on the shelf;
 Let each murderous melodrame murder itself,
 And, smiling on authors like SHERIDAN KNOWLES,
 For the *shadows* of plays you'll get BODIES and SOULS,
 From looms truly British as famed SPITALFIELDS.

42. MEDLEY.

When BIBO thought fit from the world to retreat,
 As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,

He waked in the boat, and to CHARON he said,
 I wonder we ha'nt better company upon Tyburn tree,
 Trim the boat and sit quiet! stern Charon replied,
 "For, Jacky, thou went'st up a puppy to town,
 And now thou be'st come back a monkey!"—
 You may patter to lubbers and swabs, do ye see,
 About—Logie o' Buchan, 'tis Logie the laird,
 He has—Taught the French to dance a jig,
 While *he* sung—"Lilywhite muffins! O, rare crumpets!
 Smoking hot Yorkshire cakes! hot loaves, and Prussian cakes!
 They're one a penny, two a penny!"—
 Poets berhyme master Cupid, and talk of his mam or his dad,
 By my conscience, we're not quite so stupid,
 We know he's a—
 Rum old Commodore, a tough old Commodore,
 A fighting old Commodore; he—
 And moreover than that he's an Irishman born,
 And they christen'd him Paddy O'Blarney;
 In haymaking time he came over one morn, with—
 Jolly Dick the lamplighter, they say the sun's my dad,
 And truly I believe it, sirs, for I'm vastly like—
 A sow pig, or a boar pig, or a pig with a curly tail—
 And as I wander'd thro' the grove,
 A little bird sang from a spray—
 Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning!
 Then round as the hour I merrily cries,
 Another fine mess I discovers;
 For some rogues got the cow, and they cut off her tail,
 And then sent her home to sing—
 O dear, what can the matter be,
 Bother'd from head to the tail.

43. FABLE.

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

Welsh Air.

A hungry fox one day did spy, Fal lal la.
 Some nice ripe grapes that hung so high, Fal lal la.
 And as they hung they seem'd to say
 To him who underneath did stay,
 If you can fetch me down you may, Fal lal la.

The fox his patience nearly lost, Fal lal la.
 With expectation baulk'd and cross'd, Fal lal la.
 He lick'd his lips for near an hour,
 Till he found the prize beyond his pow'r,
 Then he went, and swore the grapes were sour !
 Fal lal la.

44. IRISH MEDLEY.

TUNE—*Widow Flinn.*

You'll find no ancient race from Kildare to Monaghan
 Like the Whacks of Ballyknockmedown, they're beauties to a
 man,
 Their fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, all were famed in
 martial story,
 Och, they got the name of lambs, and were chuckful of
 gig and glory.
 Whack, row de dow, &c.

AIR—*Judy O'Flanagan.*

My father's first cousin was Barney O'Flanagan,
 Paddy, his brother, you'll match when you can again,
 Through a whole regiment there's not such a man again,
 Though you gallop all round from the rear to the van again :
 Then there was Dennis, Old Nick could'nt stand again ;
 And where, when he ended d'ye think he began again ?

TUNE—*Paddy Carey.*

Why, at the town of neat Tralee,
 Where pretty girls as pease are plenty ;
 And yet there's not a maid like thee,
 If chosen out of four and twenty :
 Form so slight, eyes so bright,
 Charms so rare, all so fair,
 Smart and tidy, fait, beside ye
 None looks so killing ;
 Fairs, wakes, or races,
 Can shew no such faces.

From Dublin to London, or down into Cork,
 On the Cur'gh of Kildare,
 Not a soul can compare,
 Let 'em gallop or canter, trot, amble, or walk.

AIR—*Paddy Whack.*

And therefore don't tarry,
 But quick let us marry,
 I'll take you for worse and for better beside :
 And when we're united, we'll both be delighted,
 With twenty fine children, our joy and our pride.

45. PISCATORIAL PRETENSIONS.

We sing of intellectual *Man*,
 Instinctive *Birds*, and *Beasts*, and *Trees*,
 Of *Serpent's* wisdom, nay, they can
 In Bond Street boast sagacious *Fleas*.
 Of *Flowers* that Love's sweet pains imbibe,
 Of *Fruits* that couple, court, and tether,
 And yet the endless finny tribe
 We shut from notice altogether.
 Is it because they're mute, 'tis thought
 They think the least who little say?
 Or is it because they're often caught,
 While we're much oft'ner caught than they?
 Fair play is every good man's wish,
 Nay, bad men blush when they deny it;
 Yet though there be *Instinc (t)* in Fish,
 Yet very few folks care to cry it.
 I don't believe all *Flesh* is *Grass*,
 Nor do I think all *Fish* are *cold*,
 They boast of *Soles*, and they're no class
 Of *Maids* who match not e're they're old.
 They've *Moral Tails*, and some would prove
 (While others *Carp*) how they can feel,
 "An *Oyster* may be crossed in love,"
 And what's more frisky than an *Eel*?

They've rank and *Plaice* which much avails,
 We're *mean*, they're *Scaly*, and not *all* Fin,
 As *we* had, they've their *Prince of Whales*,
 And as the *French* had, they've their *Dolphin*.

With blade and lance our warriors strike,
 Our Chancery briefs each client feels,
 Well, they have *Swordfish*, *Hal but*, *Pike*,
 And like our Chancellor they've *Seals*.

If we have *Critics*, they have *Crabs*,
 They've *Sharks* to match our men of *Law* ;
 They're often *Crimped*, and clever *Dabs*,
 Of *Lobsters* figure with a *Claw* (*eclat*).

The *Cockles* of our hearts we cheer,
 They've *Cockles* too, and if we *smell*,
 They too have *Smelt*, we've *Muscles* here,
 And *there* they've *Mussels* too as well.

We own the mind's superior *ray* :
 What *Ray* like theirs ? If our curmudgeons
 Go with the stream, why so do they,
 And sea, like land, is thronged with *Gudgeons*.

Their *Lampreys* our lamp rays put out,
 For *they've* nine eyes whose light abounds,
 If *we* are tickled, so are *Trout*,
 And if we *swear*, they've their "*cod sounds* !"

46. DADDY AND MAMMY, AND WINNY.

When first hur came out of the middle of Wales,
 Pless hur and save hur, hur was such a noddie ;
 Hur saw such strange sights, and hur heard such strange tales,
 And was hustled and justled by every body.
 With criefs and with sorrows hur heart it was sad,
 To think hur could pe such a knave and a ninny,
 As leave hur own mountains, hur mam and hur dad,
 Hur kids, and hur goats, and hur neat little Winny.
 But when hur in Lunnun had been for a while,
 Hur soon got so modish, so smart, and so natty,
 Could pribble and prabble, and simper and smile,
 With Kitty, and Mary, and Sukey, and Patty.

Hur was such a beau, and, moreover beside,
 To powder hur nob it cost hur a guinea ;
 Then hur strutted about with such vapours and pride,
 And quite forgot Mammy, and Daddy, and Winny.

At last good experience open'd hur eyes,
 Hur no more was a fop, and hur work'd in the city ;
 By honest industry determined to rise,
 And now hur has made hur a fortune so pretty.
 Hur has fifty-four shillings, in silver and gold,
 Besides twelve and sixpence, and just half-a-guinea ;
 And now hur's returning, so prave and so pold,
 To spend it with Daddy, and Mammy, and Winny.

47. POLL OF WAPPING STAIRS.

Your London girls with all their airs
 Must strike to Poll of Wapping Stairs ;
 No tighter lass is going,
 From Iron Gate to Limehouse Hole
 You'll never meet a kinder soul,
 Not while the Thames is flowing.
 And sing Pull away, &c.

Her father he's a hearty dog,
 Poll makes his flip and sarves his grog,
 And never stints his measure ;
 She minds full well the house affairs,
 She seldom drinks, and never swears,
 And is'nt that a pleasure?
 Pull away, &c.

And when we wed, that happy time
 The bells of Wapping all shall chime,
 And, ere we go to Davy,
 The girls like her shall work and sing,
 The boys like me shall sarve the King,
 On board Old England's Navy !
 And sing Pull away, &c.

48. FABLE.

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS CAT ; OR, NATURA PREVALABIT.

Says a fable so pat—once a man had a cat,
Of beauty and talents uncommon ;
With wonderful taste she could swallow a rat,
Wash her face with a grace, ogle, purr, and all that ;
Till her master, who didn't know what to be at,
Pray'd Venus to make her a woman.

Thus a strange metamorphosis Love brought about,
Her ears they sunk in, and her nose it came out ;
Her whiskers and tail found their offices fail,
And her eyes, bright and green as gooseberries,
Turn'd black as two sloes,
Claws to fingers and toes,
And her lips to a couple of cherries !

Pussy married her master, but short his delight,—
Repentance in wedlock is common :
She slept all the day, kept awake all the night,
He thought she could swear, and he knew she could fight ;
And woe to a mouse if it came in her sight,
Which proves a cat can't be a woman !

Hubby's prayers then a second exchange brought about,
Her nose it went in and her ears they came out,
And her whiskers and tail no longer did fail,
Her lips no more pouted like cherries ;
She had claws to her toes, and her eyes, black as sloes,
Changed to two pretty little gooseberries.

49. ALL'S WELL.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his lonely round.
And should some footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way :
" Who goes there ? Stranger, quickly tell !"—
" A Friend !"—" The word ?"—" Good-night ! All's well !"

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 When weary messmates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck.
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some well-known voice salutes his ear :
 " Who goes there ? Brother, quickly tell ?
 Above ! Below !—Good-night ! All's well !"

50. *The heart-rending Lamentation of Bow Church Steeple, for the
 threatened Loss of her Bells.*

TUNE—*The Days of Adam and Eve.*

O dear O, how shall I tell
 The loss I fear, to you, good people ;
 Where's the beau would lose his belle ?
 I am a most unhappy steeple !
 All the cockney folks can tell
 Vat e'er vas born within Bow bell,
 How sweet a sound I sent around,
 Ding, ding, ding, dong, from Bow Church steeple.

When Britain beat an army, fleet,
 Or children to our king were born, or
 Peace was named, my bells proclaim'd
 The news from hence to Hyde Park-corner.
 When Whittington away did run,
 But for my bells he had been *undone* ;
 They sung out then, " Pray turn again,
 " And come and be Lord Mayor of London !"

So mad are you for something new,
 So fond of all that odd or strange is ;
 Then why to I, should you deny,
 Along with you to ring the changes :
 You pretty girls whose voices ring
 As loud and louder far than some bells,
 Wouldn't it be a shocking thing,
 If you should all be turn'd to dumb belles ?

Shoreditch, Stepney, Aldgate, Giles,
 And Clement Danes, have leave to treat you ;
 Their tuneful octaves win your smiles,
 While I'm no more allowed to greet you.
 Youths, as you hope to ring the bride
 You wish to wed, pray take my part, or
 I'll throw my dragon down Cheapside,
 And you shall find you've caught a Tartar.
 This parting wish my wrath shall tell,—
 May curtain lectures *ring* each napper !
 And all who dare to stop my bell,
 Find one at home with louder clapper !
 May coppersmiths, and Billingsgate,
 Seem whispers to their noisier houses !
 And husbands wish when all too late
 For my ding-dong to drown their spouse's.

51. THE CLUB SONG.

TUNE—*Opening Air in the "Deserter."*

The pate of a poet is often so stored
 With nonsense and whimsies, and fanciful bother,
 That at times the poor varlet is plaguedly bored
 His thoughts and conceits to select from each other ;
 And such, I declare, is my case to a hair,
 My brains for a subject is quite on the rack,
 And a good one to choose seems as hard to my Muse,
 As to draw a court-card from a well-shuffled pack.
 Thus authors, like gamesters, are puzzled at times
 Their skill to exert in the end to be winners,
 For, tho' one play with cards, and the other with rhymes,
 Yet both on their luck oft depend for their dinners.
 Then the *suit* I select let good-nature protect,
 Nor *trump* my best hopes with your critical *rubs*,
 For, setting apart *Spade*, *Diamond*, and *Heart*,
 The theme of my ditty at present is CLUBS.
 Poets sing of a hero who went such a length
 With his CLUB, that the heathens proclaimed him a god,
 When monsters and giants bowed under his strength,
 Had ladies resisted it surely were odd ;

Yet HERCULES *his* staff transformed to a distaff,
 And spun like a woman, tho' Jove was his sire,
 And when his love died, he blubber'd and cried,
 And flung both his CLUB and himself in the fire.
 Master ADDISON tells us of clubs without end,
 Of short CLUBS, and tall CLUBS, of fat CLUBS and lean,
 sirs,
 Where each man, or crooked or straight, met his friend,
 And wit, punch, and laughter enliven'd the scene, sirs.
 And every one knows that in his age of beaux,
 Whoever to fashion or taste had pretences,
 Tied a CLUB to his hair, which would now make us stare,
 And frighten a modern fop out of his senses!
 Yet, whatever the CLUBS I have brought to your view,
 Whether fat CLUBS or lean CLUBS, or short CLUBS, or
 tall, sirs,
 Let ev'ry one here to his fellow be true,
 And *this* is a club that surpasses them all, sirs!
 For where, if not here, should good humour appear,
 Where polish'd philanthropy mingles the bowl,
 And, to heighten delight, social feelings unite
 To make mirth shed his influence over each soul.
 Then join, fellow-mortals, the world to convince
 You have hearts tuned to harmony, friendship, and joy,
 That your love to each other, your country, and prince,
 No party distinction shall ever destroy:
 While each true heart here to distress lends an ear,
 Whene'er on misfortune he chances to light,
 You'll ev'ry one grace rank, profession, or place,
 And your CLUB prove a TRUMP upon each meeting night!

52. FLOWERS OF FANCY.

If truly bards tell us, flowers are odd fellows,
 They laugh, and they weep, and they sing;
 Change colour, make love, and grow jealous,
 And boast of a Queen and a King.
 Like misers some hoard up their honey,
 Like scholars they're *deep red* and *blue*;
 The *Wind Flow'r* is worth Any-money (*Anemone*),
 And they die if deprived of their *Dew*.

Tho' they've *Hearts-ease*, some subjects they *cry* on,
 And look proud as a widow in *Weeds*,
 When *Nettled* at some *Dandy-Lion*,
 Who *Stalks* full of foppery's *Seeds*.
 Their *Two-lips* so *Sensitive* closing,
 Taking *Leave* in the spring of the year;
Love in *Idleness* often reposing,
 Where *Bachelors' Buttons* appear.

Yet blame not their smart *Painted Ladies*,
Rose-Mary, or bright *Mary-Gold*;
 Of *Sweet-William*, tho' neither afraid is,
 They oft fade from being *too cold*.
John-Quill may admire *Polly-Anthus*,
Rose-Primrose for *Hyacinth* sigh;
 Yet ere fate (that old *Crocus*) *Thyme* grant us
 To flourish, we oft droop and die.

This I wrote at the *Blue Bell* at Pinner,
 My lunch at the *Rose* was a treat;
Blossoms Inn I left ready for dinner,
 At the *Flow'r Pot* in Bishopsgate-street.
Stocks were up ere I quitted the City,
*Polly-Pet-Ale-house** ask'd me in vain;
 To tea, for a *Posey* more pretty
 I'd *scent* of in *Lily-pot* lane.

53. FAIR ELLEN.

Fair Ellen like a lily grew,
 Was Beauty's fairest flow'r,
 Till falsehood changed her lovely hue:
 She wither'd in an hour!
 Fair Ellen!

Antonio in her virgin breast
 First rais'd a tender sigh:
 His wish obtain'd, the lover blest,
 Then left the maid to die!
 Fair Ellen!

* This is evidently false orthography, and intended for polypetalous.

54. CAPTAIN RAFFERTY,

ON PRESENTING

"A woeful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrows."—SHAKESPEARE.

So dazzling bright those orbits which I prize,
 I ne'er could view them 'till I shut my eyes!

55. A DISHONEST PROOF.

"What makes you think the world is round?
 Give me a reason fair."
 "Because so very few are found
 Who act upon the square."

56. THE TEMPLE OF USURY.—(*An Actor's Soliloquy.*)

There is a mansion in a nook obscure,
 Which, for the offices it does mankind,
 May well be called the Temple of the Wretched,
 Who daily there bring off'rings. O'er the gate,
 As whilom o'er the castle of some Thane,
 The arms conspicuous stand—THREE AZURE BALLS!
 The motto, "MONEY LENT;" which magic words
 Lead many a knight and gentleman to *pledge*
 More than his honour; for in *that*, alas!
 The Castellan no *Interest* could find.
 For *me*, since German and Italian strains
 Have banish'd sense for sound, my better *habits*
 Desert me one by one. Come, kinder times!
 Protect the British stage, and fill my purse;
 Cut short all intermission; front to front
 Bring but my coat, my smallclothes, and myself—
 Within my purse-length set them—if they 'scape me
 Then may I lose my duplicate!

57. READING A PLAY.

"Ma'am 'tis an awful thing a play to read,"
 A nervous author to an actress said;
 "What can be worse?" "Nothing, dear sir, indeed,
 But to be forced to sit and *hear* it read!"

58. MY BEAUTIFUL MAID.

When absent from her whom my soul holds most dear,
 What medley of passions invade!
 In this bosom what anguish, what hope, and what fear,
 I endure for my beautiful maid!
 In vain I seek pleasure to soften my grief,
 Or quit the gay throng for the shade;
 Nor riot nor solitude yield me relief,
 When away from my beautiful maid!

59. THE EXCISEMAN.

To a village that skirted the sea
 An Exciseman one Midsummer came,
 But prudence, between you and me,
 Forbids me to mention his name:
 Soon Michael he chanc'd to espy,
 A cask on his napper he bore,
 With six gallons of brandy, or nigh:
 And where is the head can bear more?
 Says Exciseman, "Let's see your permit;"
 Says Mike, "'Tan't convenient to shew it;"
 T'other cried, "Sir, I'm not to be bit,
 "For you've smuggl'd that stuff, and you know it.
 "Your hogs to fine market you've brought;
 "For, seeing you've paid no excise,
 "As customs have settled you ought,
 "I seizes your tub as my prize."
 "Now, don't be so hard," said poor Mike;
 Th' Exciseman was deaf to complaint:
 "Why then take it," said Mike, "if you like,
 "For I've borne it till ready to faint."
 Four miles in hot sunshine they trudg'd,
 Till on them they'd scarce a dry rag;
 Th' Exciseman his labour ne'er grudg'd,
 But cheerfully *carried the cag*.
 To the custom-house in the next town,
 'Twas yet some three furlongs or more,
 When says Michael, "Pray, set your load down,
 For *this here, sir*, is my cottage-door."

T'other answer'd, " I thank you friend, no ;
 " My burden just yet I sha'n't quit :"
 " Then," says Michael, " before you *do* go,
 " I'll get you to read my permit."
 " Your permit ! Why not show it before ?"
 " Because it came into my nob,
 " By your watching for me on the shore,
 " That your worship was wanting a job :
 " Now, I'd need of a porter d'ye see,
 " For that load made my bones fit to crack ;
 " And so, sir, I thank you for me,
 " And wish you a pleasant walk back."

60. THE CABIN BOY.

The sea was rough, the clouds were dark,
 Far distant every joy,
 When forc'd by fortune to embark,
 I went a Cabin Boy.
 My purse soon fill'd with Frenchmen's gold,
 I hasten'd back with joy,
 When, wreck'd in sight of port, behold
 The hapless Cabin Boy !

61. LYRIC ORATION

IN COMMEMORATION OF WILLIAM AND ADELAIDE'S CORONATION.

Of all the sights most popular in public celebration,
 Which met with universal praise, the general inclination,
 I know of none which pleased like one, which was the
 Coronation
 Of WILLIAM and his ADELAIDE, a theme for exultation !
 O ever may the memory of that inauguration
 Fill Johnny Bull of joy brimful, and gratify the nation !
 King WILLIAM is the SEAMAN's friend, and fond of navigation,
 Nor does he hold our ARMY bold in lower estimation ;
 He was, and is, the People's friend, and wishing reformation,
 He loves the ladies all but one, that's *Mis*-representation.
 Then ever may the memory, &c.

“ A virtuous woman is a CROWN (says Scripture revelation)
 To him she weds,” and I believe, without exaggeration,
 QUEEN ADELAIDE that CROWN must be, and her participation
 In ENGLAND’S CROWN with WILLIAM is a happy conjugation.
 Then ever may the memory, &c.

Our LIBERTY to guarantee, our Sovereign’s education
 Has taught him, and that FREEDOM is an Englishman’s
 vocation ;
 Himself no slave, no slave he rules, nor thinks his exaltation
 Of value, but while sanction’d by his people’s approbation.
 Then ever may the memory, &c.

Whom rank has deck’d he pays respect with all due obser-
 vation,
 Yet thinks the post of honour may be in a private station,
 And that, without a thought of titled right’s deterioration,
 The man who proves most worthy wants no nobler decoration.
 Then ever may the memory, &c.

He wishes with no States to quarrel, whose determination
 Is, from oppressive power, to effect emancipation ;
 He knows the best intending folks are subject to vexation,
 And he who minds his own affairs won’t want for occupation.
 Then ever may the memory, &c.

His Queen, domestic as himself, averse to ostentation,
 Takes no false pride in mere outside and pompous bothe-
 ration,
 Both love the Arts with all their hearts, and think the circu-
 lation
 Of knowledge and benevolence the proudest speculation.
 Then ever may the memory, &c.

Of Queen and King I long could sing in gay continuation,
 And fairly praise their honest ways to merit commendation ;
 But to conclude my verses rude, and cease this iteration,
 I’ll say Good Sov’reigns are true wealth,—and that’s my ter-
 mination.
 And ever may the memory of their inauguration
 On Britain’s throne be felt and known a blessing to the
 nation!

62. SONG IN "JACK THE GIANT KILLER."

My master's not so very tall as reckon'd by some people,
Who say that, when at church, he hangs his hat upon the
steeple!

And tho' his stride is rather wide, I doubt upon the whole,
sir,

Whether o'er Waterloo Bridge he by one step saved the
toll, sir.

O! what whackers, squibs, and crackers, bounce about our
ears, sir,

Whoever said it, I don't credit half of what one hears, sir.

They go their length about his strength, who tell you he's
the trick, sir,

By sleight of hand, the Monument, to make his walking-stick,
sir;

They said he once did lift St. Paul's, ten sov'reigns to a
farden

I'll bet, that's poz, it only was St. Paul's in Covent Garden.
O what whackers, &c.

Once when in love, unto his dove, I've heard, he wrote a
letter,

Each line a mile, you well may smile,—for my part, I know
better;

I carried it myself, and can assure you 'twas no more, sirs,
Than what we got, with little trouble, in at the street-door,
sirs.

O what whackers, &c.

But miss, we hear, was so severe, it wrung poor master's
heart, sir,

And then, 'twas said, the tears he shed, they fill'd a water-
cart, sir;

But that's denied, he only sigh'd, twice—gently, and no
more, sirs,

Which blew two vessels out to sea, and sent one bump
ashore, sirs.

O what whackers, &c.

That mighty thing, his wedding-ring, was but a barrel-hoop,
 sir,
 They say beside, to kiss his bride, that he was forc'd to stoop,
 sir;
 'Twixt you and I, that's all a —, because I'll tell you why,
 sir,
 The lady was just twenty-seven feet six inches high, sir.
 O what whackers, &c.

His face so broad, is called, O Lord ! you'll hardly credit me,
 sir,
 'That he contrives in many a night two plays at once to see,
 sir;
 But that's a thing at which I own I'm not surpris'd at all,
 sir,
 For when one eye's at Drury-lane, the other's at Vauxhall, sir.
 O what whackers, &c.

One night his wife had lock'd him out, but thinking that a
 bore, sir,
 He down the chimney put his fist, and open'd the street-
 door, sir;
 Then lit his pipe at Pimlico, which threw such sparks around
 him,
 That engines came from Hammersmith, and very nearly
 drown'd him.
 O what whackers, &c.

He never keeps *low* company, so modest, tho' a sly man,
 And beautiful as Cupid, yet he looks much more like Hyman.
 Another time I'll tell you more, so when I say good-bye, do
 Take pattern by my history, and tell the truth as I do.
 O what whackers, &c.

A child that has a cold we may suppose
 Like wintry weather—Why?—It blows its *nose*.

What our Monarch decides on is done soon as said,
 “Bear a hand!” says Billy :
 Coach came, he set off, by true principle led,
 Popp’d his robes on his back, and his crown on his head,
 And with royal, manly, Johnny Bull dignity,
 “March on !” says Billy.

His duty he did, and then back he set sail,
“Huzza!” said Johnny:
 When the King’s in the right he must ever prevail,
 While the Commons hopp’d off with a *Broom* at their tail,
 To free re-election, and soon a majority,
Cried “Bravo! Billy.”

65. THE LAY OF THE LAST LOBSTER.

The wind was fair, the lobster-smack
Sail'd merrily up the tide,
The crew look'd *blue*, and the lobsters *black*,
As to Billingsgate-market they hied.
Barges and boats together were cramm'd,
And thicker the throng still grew,
Till the road to the stairs was as frequently damm'd
As the eyes and the limbs of the crew.
Then fishmongers came on board that smack
By one, by two, by three ;
And off did they pack, in basket or sack,
All that lading of LOBSTERIE.
Live lobsters to Lumber-court were dragg'd,
To be boil'd *quick* out of hand ;
And many for MISTER GROVE were bagg'd,
And for WILLOWS's shop in the Strand.
And some as *salad* or sauce serv'd up,
Were destined to be on that day ;
And some were saved for those who sup
Returning at night from the play.
Among the most famous for form and size
That lay on a fishmonger's bulk,
Was a love-stricken lobster, who poked out his eyes,
And withdrew 'em 'twixt sorrow and sulk.*
And boding that boiling might turn out a bore,
To a corner his cares he confin'd ;
While a man, who had never beheld him *before*,
Miss'd him *now*, and so left him *behind*.

* It is well known that the eye of the lobster can be considerably propelled, and withdrawn at pleasure.

Though saved for the moment, to him 'twas much worse
 Than death from his LADY to part ;
 For ev'ry *man*-lobster (be't blessing or curse)
 Has a LADY attach'd to his heart.

The LAST of the LOBSTERS, thus left, look'd up sharp,
 And his torments beginning to tell,
 Cried, " Critics may carp at my want of a *harp*,
 " But, like OSSIAN, I breathe through my SHELL.

" And, however sombre to sing or to say,
 " Of my lost life and love, worse than all ;
 " It lays here on my heart, to reflect my LAST LAY,
 " Is to *lay* on a fishmonger's stall !"

That the Lobster was wrong, in the course of my song
 I shall prove; for howe'er he was vexed,—
 At least you will find, if to wait you're inclined,
 That the Lobster's *last* lay was his *next* !!

Then, said he, " To be kidnapp'd, and brought up to town
 " Like skait, which they cruelly *crimp* ;
 " Or vile CRABS," for on crabs ev'ry lobster looks down,
 Crabs on crawfish, and prawns on a shrimp.

In his shell how he'd swell at remembrance of charms
 Gracing her on his suit who had smiled ;
 Whose thousands of offspring had bless'd his fond arms,
 With a CORAL for every *child* !

Like American warriors (not Yankees) he sung
 His death-song divested of fear ;
 And the shop, without doubt, with loud plaudits had rung,
Had he HAD any audience to hear.

He sang of the warriors on whom he had *fed*,
 What time Nelson conquer'd the foe ;
 And how many a *head* laid at morn in *dry* bed,
 Which ere night found a *wet* one *below* !

He sang of *rich* friends, to whom lucky lot lends
 Success, right or wrong, from each quarter ;
 And he sang of the fry of poor fish who may try,
 But yet can't keep their heads above water !

He sang till the fishmonger's fellow return'd
 With the lobsters fresh boil'd from the pot,
 And swore like a brute, while his fingers they burn'd,
 They were all most infernally *hot*.

Then first our black hero, by fancy misled,
 Saw his fair one, whose woes were all hush'd ;
 And not reading aright, that boil'd lobsters are *red*,
 Suppos'd at their meeting she *blush'd*.

“ Ah ! whence this emotion ? ” the lover exclaim'd,
 “ What means this *high-colour'd* alarm ?
 “ 'Tis our tyrants, not *you*, should be sadly asham'd,
 “ That their treatment has made you so WARM ! ”

Then turning to clasp her with ecstasy wild,
 He the *fishmonger's* finger held fast ;
 Who enrag'd, *chuck'd* him into the cauldron, where *boil'd*
 He *lay*, and that LAY was his LAST !!

66. THE ENAMOURED QUAKER.

WRITTEN FOR MR. LISTON.

Yea, I fell in the pit of love, with a Ti! Tum! Ti!
 The spirit then began to move, with a Ti! Tum! Ti!
 My dear Ruth had her maiden fears,
 And when I ask'd her hand with tears,
 She gave it me both side my ears, with a Ti! Tum! Ti!

Behold ! said Ruth, there is a grove, with a Ti! Tum! Ti!
 Where birds call'd turtles coo and love, with a Ti! Tum! Ti!
 There meet me : thus did I incline,
 To think dear Ruth was wholly mine,
 When she proved a cruel Philis—tine, with a Ti! Tum! Ti!

For she another suitor had, with a Ti! Tum! Ti!
 Profanely call'd a flash-y lad, with a Ti! Tum! Ti!
 And when I thought she would be kind,
 He came *before* I Ruth could find,
 And kick'd me Ruthless-ly *behind*, with his Toe! Tum! Ti!

67. NATIVE TALENT.

TUNE—*St. Patrick's Day.*

While ENGLAND, and ERIN, and SCOTIA are wailing
 Their music's neglect, they such feelings must hide,
 And WALES too may harp on the fashion prevailing,
 Of all her sweet minstrelsy scorning,—
 Not only ITALIANS now traverse the sea,
 To bring us their heavenly tweedledum-dee;
 But we, over civil, import from the *Divle*,
 His Faustus's, Freischutz's, and Fiends,—while their pride
 Is (in Lowlands or Highlands) the strains of our Islands,
 To ridicule noon, night, and morning.

And, more to the sorrow of Nature's true lover,
 Not foreigners only our lays would run down,
 But *dandified* NATIVES affect to discover
 “How shocking the land they were born in;
 “Simplicity's vulgar,—a ballad's a bore!
 “Bravuras alone worth a *bis*,” (that's encore;)
 Each brave soldier's ditty, or madrigal pretty,
 Or hunting “Hark forward!” is banish'd the town,
 And lyrical story of nautical glory,
 Is ridiculed noon, night, and morning.

No lady scarce dare, under pain of exclusion,
 From fashion's bright fane, sing or venture to play
 The song of her fathers,—while foreign delusion
 Reigns, all native excellence scorning!
 The genuine strain that came home to the heart,
 Love, friendship, or patriot fire to impart,
 Is *tramontane* voted, and chords that denoted
 Convivial harmony, fritter'd away!
 While stamps and distortions, and imp-like abortions
 Are patronised noon, night, and morning!

Time *was*, when such music and words, now neglected,
 As “LOVE IN A VILLAGE,” or “MAID OF THE MILL,”
 Were sanction'd by taste, and by fashion protected,
 As efforts our theatres adorning;
 While those who wish sense, join'd to sound, in a play,
 Imagined our old “BEGGARS' OPERA”—GAY,

Nor blush'd to be merry, when airs, by old SHERRY
 Selected, empow'r'd his "*Duenna*" to fill
 A house for whole seasons each night, without reasons
 For any regret the next morning !

And where's the proud profit to morals or fashion,
 This new-fangled *polish*, so nicknamed, can bring,
 What gain we by so much unnatural passion,
 For caricatures, nature scorning ?
 Italians were well enough, kept in their place,
 But why, mix'd with Germans and Dutchmen, disgrace
 The *Garden* and *Drury* with fiend, fire, and fury,
 Or *English Op'ra*, with devils, who sing
 Of souls *bought* for *firing*, while Britons, admiring,
 Cry "how we improve night and morning !"

An artist who thinks that four strings to a fiddle
 Are meant to be played on, if English, is wrong,
 And may starve, while in mud *taste* would wade to the
 middle,
 To hear *quacks*, some other land born in,
 And talent in plain *Miss* or *Mistress* must bow
 To a *Noni*, a *Nini*, *Signora*, or *Vrow* !
 Who pocket your money, with smiles sweet as honey,
 While well acted gratitude gilds their gay song,
 Till, crossing the ocean, they drop such devotion,
 And laugh at John Bull night and morning !

If yet in *home* talent we've any believers,
 I call on them boldly to banish false shame,
 And, (as we late pleaded for SPITALFIELDS' WEAVERS,)
 To stand by the land they were born in ;
 Give foreign attainment all credit that's due,
 And not only *credit*, but *cash* give 'em too,
 Yet let not protection of *them*, on rejection
 Of Britons be founded—and all for a name,
 Which, while you thus cherish, your countrymen perish,
 For want of your aid night and morning !

68. A PATHETIC ADDRESS TO GEO. SHOOBRIDGE, Esq.

OF CHEAPSIDE, THE PHILANTHROPIC EXTINGUISHER,

Who took it into his head to think that the best mode of rejoicing for benefits received, would be most profitably evinced by conferring lasting benefits on our fellow-creatures, in preference to thanking Providence by a squib, or comprising our gratitude in a cracker.

“What are all these Lights for?—To keep the people in the dark.”
DIBDIN *the Elder's* “*Touchstone*.”

Of *Gas*, *Spermaceti*, and *Tallow*, thou miser !
Of *Glaziers* and *Tinmen* thou enemy dire !
Who hast led folks to think it were better and wiser
To shelter old age than set LONDON on fire !

Thou blight upon bonfires, and crackers, and rockets !
Who, rather than revel and roar for a night,
And stuff fubsy oilmen's and lamplighters' pockets,
The *hearts*, not the *houses*, of care would make light !

Why should pistol or blunderbuss bouncing alarm thee ?
We've a right to rejoice when we've weather'd a storm !
Can nothing but *permanent benefit* charm thee ?
Must even our *merriment suffer reform* ?

No pickpocket prowling from Cornhill to *Kew-bridge*,
But *thy* meddling morals deprives of his prey ;
While, foil'd of his fun, he vows vengeance on SHOOBRIDGE,
For snatching the hopes of his harvest away.

How *light* the expense which *one ev'ning* devours,
To dazzle our children, our sweethearts and wives,
Compared with *your* plan, not of *two or three* hours,
But all the *left* length of some honest folks' *lives* !

What matters to us if such twaddlers and spouses
Are coop'd up in comfort, if *we're* in the *dark* ?
What care we a button for all your almshouses,
Which boast of *our* patriot fires not a spark !

And what's the REWARD you'll acquire by distressing
Our prospects *transparent*, (tho' seldom seen thro',)
You can't expect *more* than some POOR PEOPLE'S BLESSING,
Which, TILL THE NEXT WORLD, will do little for you !

Tho' some own a doctrine, (one fears to dispraise it,)
 That mem'ry of chacing from mis'ry a tear
 Brings balm to the bosom of him who essays it,
 And, as well as HEREAFTER, will comfort him HERE !
 Confess you're in error—you know, to *enlighten*
 Our countrymen *should* be each *Englishman's* pride ;
 But *you* make the road *crooked* from Land's End to Brighton,
 Since, joining WITH you, 'twill be ALL ON ONE SIDE !!!
 Go on then, hard-hearted ! nor cease to deprive us
 Of fire-working, fanciful, frolics and freaks,
 While your name, with your charity, long shall survive us,
 And time change to truth all that folly now speaks.
 While hundreds made happy, and grateful to you,
 That their evening sun sets in comfort and clover,
 Will give thanks for their house, hat, warm habit and *shoe*
 (SHOO)
 And the BRIDGE of all Bridges that bears 'em safe over.

69. HOPE IS NOW NO MORE.

How blest was I, when hope late smil'd
 On her whom I adore ;
 Delusive hope ! which then beguil'd,
 But now exists no more.
 As on a last remaining stay
 The shipwreck'd wretch relies,
 The surges dash his bark away,
 He struggles, sinks, and dies.
 So I, when late my parent smil'd
 On her whom I adore,
 With hope's vain dreams my hours beguil'd,
 But hope is now no more !

70. LEPORELLO'S INVITATION TO THE STATUE IN
DON GIOVANNI.AIR—*True Courage.*

My master desires I'll to supper invite you,
 Such a nice bill of fare you won't see ev'ry day,
 There's lobsters, and mack'rel, and soles, to delight you,
 And they as don't like 'em, why, I pities they.

Then rabbits in onions we know how to smother.

Statue. For rabbits and onions I don't care a d—n.

Lep. Well, if that dish don't suit you, we'll look for some other,

There's ducks and green peas, and the heart of a lamb !

71. DON GIOVANNI'S INVITATION TO THE STATUE.

TUNE—Won't you come to the Bower ?

Won't you come in an hour, a broil'd bone to devour,

We'll get as good wine too as is in our power.

Won't you, won't you, won't you, won't you, come in an hour ?

You shall do as you choose, take your hat when you please,
Come in with the cloth, and go out with the cheese.

Won't you, won't you ? &c.

'Twill be Liberty Hall, with no call for a bill,

You shall fill what you like, only drink what you fill.

Won't you, won't you ? &c.

72. LOVE AND GLORY.

Young HENRY was as brave a youth

As ever graced a martial story ;

And JANE was fair as lovely truth,

She sighed for LOVE, and he for GLORY !

With her his faith he meant to plight,

And told her many a gallant story ;

Till war their coming joys to blight,

Call'd him away from LOVE to GLORY.

Young HENRY met the foe with pride,

JANE followed, fought ! ah, hapless story !

In man's attire, by HENRY's side,

She died for LOVE, and he for GLORY !

73. AN APPROVED SPECIMEN OF THE PATHETICALLY
TERRIFIC.

From "All a Fetch."—To its own Tune.

Ye tender maidens, all draw near,
And come and see what you shall hear,
'Tis of two lovers' constanc-y,
Who lived to see each other die !

A ruthless father sent away
The youth to sea, one stormy day ;
Where, being drowned, his ghost appeared,
And made the old man much afear'd !

He held a torch all in his hand,
And said, as you shall understand,
" Do you not hear my death-bell toll ?
" I'm dead as any living soul !"

The sire awoke in dire affright,
And couldn't get no sleep that night ;
Then madly put on all his clothes,
And straightway to his daughter goes.

The daughter, she began to rave,
" My true-love lies in a wat'ry grave :
" O, cruel father, now good-bye,
" For he is dead !—and so am I !"

The daughter being dead and gone,
Her daddy made most dismal moan ;
And only lived with all his pride
For to be buried by her side.

Ye parents now a warning take,
By this true song, which I did make ;
Lest, like this man, you should repent,
In grief, and much—astonish-ment !

74. PARODY

ON "ISABEL."—FROM "JACKO."

True to my love and a bottle, this throttle
 A pottle will merrily quaff;
 Partial to drinking and dancing, and prancing,
 With gay girls advancing, I laugh.
 When to the merry fandango I can go,
 While maiden and man-go so gay;
 Or when in rapid bolero, so fair O,
 My Cora shall jig it away.
 Pretty belle! Pretty belle! Pretty belle!
 Fare thee well! tho' our parting's in sorrow;
 Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee well!
 Ten-to-one but I meet thee tomorrow, Ah, me!

Dancing behind, or before her, dear Cora,
 I often implore her fair hand;
 Oft, while for love I am weeping, she's sleeping,
 Or company keeping so grand.
 Only to gain her good graces, my face is
 At races, and places so smart;
 If she will ever deny me, or fly me,
 (Refusing to try me), we part.

Pretty belle! &c.

While I am eating or drinking, I'm thinking
 (My heart never shrinking) of thee!
 Whether I'm dreaming, or waking, or taking
 My chocolate,—making my tea.
 Or if at cards I am playing, bets laying,
 Or going, or staying, d'ye see,
 All other damsels forgetting, while fretting,
 And no other petting but thee.

Pretty belle! &c.

Scarce knowing what I am doing, still wooing,
 And evermore stewing for fear
 Rivals should put in their sickle, and tickle
 A fancy so fickle, O dear!
 Therefore, as I am a sinner, I'll win her,
 Or ne'er to my dinner I'll go!

Pretty belle! &c.

75. EPITAPH

ON AN APOTHECARY, WHO RUINED HIMSELF BY ERECTING A ROW OF
HOUSES IN HIS OWN PARISH CHURCHYARD.

GALEN MAC HOD lies here, (how odd !)
In this churchyard, he did so love it !
He got riches, we know, by what's buried *below*,
And spent 'em on what's *above* it.
Unable with architects' charges to wrestle,
By *mortar* he lost what he gain'd by the *pestle*!

76. SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

Gentlefolks, in my time, I've made many a rhyme,
But the song I now trouble you with,
Lays claim to applause, and you'll grant it, because
The subject's Sir SIDNEY SMITH.—It is,
The subject's Sir SIDNEY SMITH.

We all know Sir SIDNEY, a man of such kidney,
He'd fight every foe he could meet,
Give him one ship or two, and without more ado,
He'd engage, if he met, a whole fleet—He would,
He'd engage, &c.

Thus he took every day all that came in his way,
Till Fortune, that changeable elf,
Order'd accidents so, that, while seeking the foe,
Sir SIDNEY got taken himself—He did,
Sir SIDNEY got, &c.

His captors, right glad of the prize they now had,
Rejected each offer we bid,
And swore he should stay, lock'd up till Doomsday,
But *he* swore he'd be d—d if he did—He did,
He swore he'd be, &c.

So Sir SID got away, and his gaoler next day
Cried “Sacre diable morbleu !
“Mon prisonnier 'scape, I av got in von scrape,
“And I fear I must run away too—I must,
“I fear,” &c.

If Sir SIDNEY was wrong, why then blackball my song,
 E'en his foes he would scorn to deceive,
 His escape was but just, and confess it you must,
 For it only was taking *French leave*—You know,
 It only was, &c.

77. EPITAPH.

Here lie, who alive were four spouses of five,
 With whom, in six years, 'twas my fortune to wive.
 One,—I lost him too soon,—
 Was an Irish dragoon;
 Tho' a better some reckon'd
 Scotch Sandy, my second;
 The third, rest his bones,
 Was Llewelyn ap Jones;
 Next, English Bill Wood,
 Liv'd as long as he could,
 But my *fifth* so surpasses my *foregone* good men,
 That, unless he should die, I sha'n't marry again.

78. THE COMET.

TUNE—*Such Beauties in view, I, &c.*

You've heard of the comet, good luck keep us from it,
 For if it should ever run foul of earth's ball,
 All gravity ceases, our globe's knock'd to pieces,
 And we on each neighbouring planet must fall!
 Married ladies, as you know, might tumble on JUNO;
 'Cute tradesmen and thieves would on MERCURY light;
 MARS would whisper to VENUS, "Let's make room between
 us
 For virgins so fair and for warriors so bright."
 Bards at home on the LYRE would light Fiction's fire,
 At the SWAN jolly toppers would get in the SUN,
 Some folks might rely on a place in ORION,
 Each monarch, alarm'd, to his PALLAS would run;

Old SOV'REIGNS would guide us to GEORGIUM SIDUS,
 Our farmers in CERES would reap autumn's fruits;
 Pat, the CRATUR would plase ye, the MOON take the crazy,
 Tailors tumble in VESTA, shoemakers in BOOTES.

Each dandified *cretur* would follōw JUPEETER;
 In the DOGSTAR each PUPPY would feel quite at home,
 And, should a GAL-AX-YE, I don't mean to tax ye
 With losing your *time*, if to SATURN you'd roam;
 In the signs of the ZODY-WHACK if I bestowed ye,
 Friend Teague, you'd with *John* in the BULL be at ease;
Caledonia, let *her* go to LEO or VIRGO,
 And Taffy in CAPRICORN toast his own cheese.

Maid-servants, like fairies, from kitchen to ARIES
 Would run, while your dandies with GEMINI *twin*.
 In LIBRA you'd daily see mean people *scaly*,
 And think to the FISHES they'd all tumble in.
 With CANCER the crabbed, with SCORPIO the rabid,
 While scullers, oars, steamers, and bargemen would go
 For fares to AQUARIUS, and old SAGITTARIUS
 Would find a few dozen of strings to his *bow*.

Then, my stars and garters! what knights from all quarters
 To planets more brilliant would satellites move;
 Our pensions and taxes, on some other AXES
 Than ours, and they're welcome, would merrily move.

79. IMPROMPTU.

ON NAPOLEON'S THREATENED INVASION.

Says BONY to JOHNNY, "I'm coming to Dover!"
 Says JOHNNY to BONY, "I think that a hum."
 "But," says BONY, "Suppose I should *really* come over?"
 Says JOHNNY, "Then *really* you'd be *overcome*!"

80. LOVE AND TIME.

Turn minutes to seconds, that time may go by
 On pinions more rapid and light,
 Let his age change to youth, that he faster may fly,
 Till he brings my dear lover in sight!

Yet ah ! when he *comes* let each moment be slow,
 Ere alone I am left to complain ;
 Let minutes, like hours, deliberate flow,
 And age steal on time once again !

81. THE SINGLE MARRIED, AND THE MARRIED HAPPY.

A bachelor leads an easy life,
 Few folks who are wed live better,
 A man may live well with a very good wife,
 But the puzzle is, how to get her ;
 For there's pretty good wives, and there's pretty bad wives,
 And wives neither one thing nor t'other,
 And, as for the wives that scold all their lives,
 I'd rather wed Adam's grandmother.
 Then, ladies and gents. if to wedlock inclined,
 May deceit or illhumour ne'er trap ye,
 May those who are single get wives to their mind,
 And those who are married live happy.

Some choose their ladies for ease or for grace,
 Or a pretty turn'd foot as they're walking,
 Some choose 'em for figure, and some for face,
 But very few choose 'em for talking.
 Now as for the wife I could follow through life,
 'Tis she who can speak sincerely,
 Who, not over-nice, can give good advice,
 And love a good husband dearly.

So ladies and gents. when to wedlock inclined,
 May deceit nor illhumour e'er trap ye,
 May those who are single find wives to their mind,
 And those who are married live happy !

82. FAINT HEART NE'ER WINS FAIR LADY.

Fortune may frown, but the true-lover's breast
 Has a cordial for sorrow, however distrest,
 Beloved and beloved, still pleasure he meets,
 And the bitters of love only heighten the sweets.

Rivals may threaten, misfortunes arise,
 The heart of affection misfortune defies :
 True pleasure was ne'er by despondency gain'd,
 And beauty's most prized when by danger obtained.

83. NAVAL PROMOTION.

The CABIN BOY's over the sea,
 For his sisters and mother weeps he,
 Till good conduct prevails, and homeward he sails,
 To land his full pockets with glee.

The MIDDY's away o'er the wave,
 'Tis his fortune in action to save
 His officer's life, in the heat of the strife,
 And he lands at home happy and brave.

The OFFICER's over the main,
 Fresh laurels on ocean to gain,
 Till, commanding a prize, his friends see him rise,
 And a CAPTAIN's commission obtain.

The CAPTAIN adventures once more,
 Returning a bold COMMODORE :
 And his wishes to crown, he comes up to town
 With an ADMIRAL's flag at the fore.

84. REASONS FOR RATIONAL MIRTH.

Never think of *meeting* sorrow,
 Grief, perhaps, may miss his way,
 Or, if doomed to fret tomorrow,
 Let's not lose our laugh to-day.

Yet, when those we love are crying,
 Surely that must spoil our mirth,
 To their tears our tears replying,
 Would but give new sorrow birth.

Sand will sink, while pleasure's mounted,
 Lest our joys he undermine,
 Give me, if time must be counted,
 Minute-glasses fill'd with wine.

85. RATIONAL FELICITY.

With a friend and a wife,
 First blessings in life,
 What on earth can our envied condition amend?
 Should dear offspring be ours,
 Grant this, O ye pow'rs!
 Be the girls like my wife, and the boys like my friend!

86. THE POLACCA.

No more by sorrow chaced, my heart
 Shall yield to fell despair,
 Now joy repels th' envenom'd dart,
 And conquers every care!

So, in our woods the hunted boar
 On native strength relies,
 The forests echo with his roar;
 In turn the hunter flies!

87. O WHAT A PITY!

My love, the gayest of the throng,
 The first of youths in cot or city,
 With me would laugh the whole day long:
 But now he's gone! Oh, what a pity!

With him in mirth the hours went by,
 He woo'd in words so soft and pretty,
 But now he's gone, and left poor I
 Alone to weep! Oh, what a pity!

88. HUMPHREY CLINKER.

TUNE—*The Snug Little Island.*

Tho' 'twas oft told to me, dame Fortune can't see,
 Yet she isn't so blind as folks think her,
 Or else tell me why she has cast a sheep's eye
 Upon poor lonely Humphrey Clinker?
 O, poor Humphrey Clinker!
 Stable-boy, blacksmith, and tinker!
 Horse, anvil, and pan, I now leave like a man,
 What luck for poor Humphrey Clinker!

While my master, old Matt. has a head to his hat,
 From his service he'll find me no shrinker,
 And ten times be repaid his goodnatured aid
 In the cause of poor Humphrey Clinker.
 As for TAB, I sha'n't say what I think her,
 She's no friend to poor Humphrey Clinker,
 And then her dog Chowder! I dare not speak louder,
 Or she'd soon kick out Humphrey Clinker!

For young master and miss, I shall only say this,
 I like *him*, and goodnatured I think *her*,
 In spite of the plan of her sweetheart, poor man!
 To bribe honest Humphrey Clinker.
 O poor Humphrey Clinker,
 To gratitude ne'er be a blinker,
 Humphrey still must prove true to his trust,
 Or justice may tip him a clinker.

If you ask me to toast the girl I love most,
 In a pot of Welsh ale I would drink her,
 But WIN, if you please, might prefer toasted cheese
 To love-stricken Humphrey Clinker!
 If e'er she should be Mrs. CLINKER,
 And to me as a wife chance should link her,
 I'll do what is right, so I wish you good-night:
 Remember poor Humphrey Clinker!

89. FABLE.

MERCY; OR THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A MOUSE one day seeking for pleasure and food,
 Sing daffy down dilly so gay !
 Was seiz'd by a LION, the king of the wood,
 Daffy down dilly so gay !
 The little MOUSE then to the LION did say,
 Dilly down daffy, daffy down dilly !
 " Have mercy, your Majesty, pray !"

The LION set Mousey down safe at her door,
 Singing daffy down dilly so gay !
 When the toils of a net made his majesty roar,
 Daffy down dilly so gay !
 The mouse with her teeth set him free, and did say
 Dilly down daffy, daffy down dilly !
 " Your kindness I'm proud to repay."

The moral may teach us we ne'er should despise,
 Daffy down dillies so gay !
 Fellow-creatures because they're not quite " our own size,"
 Daffy down dilly so gay !
 And mercy for mercy's-sake given will say,
 Dilly down daffy, daffy down dilly !
 " Tenfold I'll reward you one day !"

90. THE PILGRIM'S PROSPECT OF REPOSE.

The Sun to ocean hies away,
 The curfew-bell is ringing,
 And pilgrims through the twilight grey
 Relieve their march by singing :
 While each, though weary, feels delight,
 In thinking of his inn at night ;
 And ev'ry footstep moves in time,
 As plays the distant village-chime :
 Thus may we, when life's eve shall come,
 Rejoicing, seek a better home !

91. ROMANCE.

'Tis far away, o'er hills and plains,
 A cruel Pagan tyrant reigns,
 Who holds a Christian maid in chains,
 Ah well-a-day, poor lady !

Each fatal hour some gallant knight,
 Who strives to win the lady's right,
 Is by that Pagan slain in fight,
 Oh well-a-day, poor lady !

Ere yon red Sun forsake the sky,
 Unless more pow'rful aid is nigh,
 The Pagan she must wed, or die ;
 O well-a-day, poor lady !

And mightier aid *is* surely nigh,
 I see the RED CROSS banner fly !
 The rescued maid no more shall cry
 Ah ! well-a-day, poor lady !

92. THE POET'S WIFE'S DREAM.

When a Duel was talk'd of between a deceased Prime Minister and a Political Opponent, the Author's Wife dreamed she had composed the following

EXTEMPORE.

Says Petty to *Pitty*, " I think I shall hit ye !"
 Says *Pitty* to Petty, " That is, if I let ye !"

93. FABLE.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

It chanc'd one day that a crow so black,
 Down in a meadow so green,
 Had pilfer'd a crust from a pedlar's pack,
 And carried it off unseen.
 Up in an apple-tree flew the crow,
 And, ere she the taste of her prize could know,
 A fox trotting by, sat him down below,
 All in a meadow so green !

Says Reynard, "Jove's eagle sure I see!

"Up in a tree so high;"

Says the Crow to herself, "He surely means me,

"And a very fine bird am I!"

"What eyes!" says Reynard, "and what an air!

"That plumage so divinely fair!

"Never was beauty seen so rare,

"Up in a tree so high!"

The Crow, enchanted, clapp'd her wings,

Alack and a-well-a-day!

Says Reynard, "I'm sure that angel sings,

"Could I but hear the lay!"

The Crow look'd *round* at what he said,

For flattery often *turns the head*,

She open'd her mouth, and she dropp'd her bread,

Reynard caught it, and gallop'd away.

94. THE MERRY HORN CALLS US AWAY.

In BRITAIN, the soil which true liberty yields,

Where the lads of the chase leave repose for the fields;

The hunter, so happy bestrides his gay steed,

While distance and danger but add to his speed;

Who, dashing along,

Gives Echo the song,

She blithely returns it the whole of the day,

With, "Hark! the merry horn calls us away!"

By exercise braced ev'ry bosom must warm,

And health, joy, and mirth, each assume a new charm;

Dian, Bacchus, and Venus, by turns take a place,

And day and night's joys are the fruits of the chase.

While dashing along, &c.

95. TRUE AFFECTION.

The sun its bright rays may withhold, love,

Unreflected the moonbeams may be,

But ne'er till this bosom be cold, love,

Shall its pulse throb for any but thee!

For thou art the joy of my heart, love!

Thy beauty all beauties outvie;

And, ere with thine image I'll part, love,

Thy lover, thy husband, would die!

The spring's lovely verdure may turn, love,
 To autumn's sad yellow-dipp'd hue ;
 The winter like summer may burn, love,
 Ere my ardour shall lessen for you.

For thou art the joy of my heart, love ! &c.

96. THE SCHOOLMASTER ;

OR, LOVE AND LATIN.

Once in school, where for state to no mortal I'd bow,
 Maxime, optime, magister domine ;
 I was taken all over I can't tell you how,
 Me miserable ! dolorous homine !
 I was puzzled and plagued, by the powers above !
 Till I saw Kitty Spriggins, and thought it was love.
 Heigho ! away they all go !
 Rule of Three, Latin, Greek, globes, and astronomy !
 Love gave me a lesson I could'nt digest,
 Maxime Cupido ! magister domine !
 Till Hymen popp'd in, and I thought I was blest,
 Me miserable dolorous homine ;
 In the morning I wed, full of joy and delight,
 And my spouse broke my head long before it was night.
 Heigho ! to old Harry may go
 Multiplication, hard words, and economy !
 I fancied this hard, and determined next day,
 Minime nebule, no longer domine !
 From her and her tantrums on running away,
 Me miserable dolorous homine ;
 But she saved me the trouble, and ran away first,
 And if ever I follow her, may I be —
 Heigho ! I'll e'en let her go,
 With her multiplication, hard words, and economy !

97. POOR MR. SPRIGGS !

Mr. Spriggs the grocer married Miss Revel,
 He thought her an angel,—she turn'd out a devil ;
 Poor Mr. Spriggs !

She sung, parley-voo'd, danc'd waltzes and jigs,
 She wasted the tea, and the sugar, and figs,
 And said she'd be mistress, please the pigs!

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Mrs. Spriggs gave parties to tea and to dinner,
 And play'd guinea-whist, though she ne'er was a winner;

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

She lov'd silver muslin, French lace, and rich stuffs,
 Pelisses, fur tippets, and Chinchilli muffs,
 And some say she lov'd Capt. Brown of the Buffs!

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Mr. Spriggs and his wife had a quarrel one night,
 And she swore she would drown herself out of mere spite

To poor Mr. Spriggs!

She ran to the river, and when she walk'd in,
 Her courage grew cool as the wave touch'd her chin,
 And drowning herself she now said was a sin:

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

A fisherman saw her, and thought she'd be wet,
 So he pull'd Sally out by a cast of his net:

Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Took her home dripping wet to her own anxious dear,
 Who cried, when he saw her so cold and so queer,
 "Pray sir, why the devil did you interfere

With poor Mrs. Spriggs!"

98. DARBY KELLY.

My grandsire beat a drum so neat,
 His name was Darby Kelly, O!
 No lad so true at rattattoo,
 At roll call or reveillez, O!
 When MARLBRO's name first rais'd his fame,
 My granny beat the point of war,
 At BLENHEIM he, and RAMILLIE,
 Made ears to tingle near and far.
 For with his wrist he'd such a twist,
 The girls would look, you don't know know!
 They laugh'd and cried, and sigh'd and died,
 When first he beat his row dow dow!

A son he had, who was my dad,
 As nate a lad as any O!
 You'd ever know, tho' you should go
 From Dublin to Kilkenny, O!
 When great WOLFE died, his country's pride,
 To arms my dapper father beat,
 Each dale and hill remembers still
 How loud, how long, how strong, how neat!
 With each drum-stick he had the trick,
 While girls would look, you don't know how!
 Their eyes would glisten, their ears would listen,
 Whene'er he beat his row dow dow!

Yet ere I wed, ne'er be it said,
 But that the foe I dared to meet,
 With WELLINGTON, old Erin's son,
 To help to make them beat retreat.
 King ARTHUR once, or I'm a dunce,
 Was call'd the hero of his age,
 But what was he, to him we see,
 The ARTHUR of the modern age?
 For, by the pow'rs! from Lisbon towers
 He trophies bore to grace his brow,
 And made NAP prance right out of France,
 With his English, Irish, row dow dow!

99. TOBACCO, GROG, AND FLIP.

Whate'er the pleasures known on shore,
 They've little charms for me;
 Be mine the sea,—I ask no more,
 'Tis Jack's variety.
 Give me tobacco, grog, and flip,
 An easy sail, a tight-built ship;
 In ev'ry port a pretty lass,
 And round, for me, the globe may pass.
 When tired of land, our pockets low,
 With will alert we steer
 O'er hostile seas, attack the foe,
 For sailors know no fear.

Our prize in tow, we're all agog,
 For fresh tobacco, flip, and grog ;
 In port each seeks his fav'rite lass,
 And bids the world unheeded pass !

100. THE BOOK OF LIFE.

To dwell on fair infancy's page where's the need ?
 Blank leaves no perusal can ask,
 In childhood you find us beginning to read,
 And calling improvement a task.
 That *then* we're most happy we doubt to be truth,
 And think present sorrows the worst,
 Till, our teens ending boyhood, we jump into youth,
 And thus endeth CHAPTER the FIRST.

With pleasure the pranks of sixteen we rehearse,
 Till woman, that charm against grief,
 Makes Cupid from Hymen quote chapter and verse,
 And bids us turn o'er a new leaf.
 Then married, or happy, or unhappy we,
 (For wedlock's a lottery reckon'd,)
 That time flies on feathers you all must agree,
 And soon endeth CHAPTER the SECOND.

Approaching our period, behind us we look,
 This or that past mistake to amend ;
 For who can deny that in life, as a book,
 The *errata* appear at the end.
 And now with good reason we gravely reflect
 On passages slightly o'erpast,
 Till FINIS allows us scarce time to correct
 The follies of CHAPTER the LAST.

101. LAUGHING SONG.

Luck in life, tho' e'er so bad,
 Scarce could make me melancholy,
 Seldom rich, yet never sad,
 Often poor, yet always jolly.

Fortune in my scale, that's poz,
 Of mischance put more than half in,
 Yet I don't know how it was,
 I could never cry for laughing!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 I could never cry for laughing.

Monstrous grave are men of law,
 (Law knows no end when once beginning,)
 Yet those dons I never saw,
 But their wigs would set me grinning.
 Once when I was very ill,
 Seven doctors came, such quizzes,
 Zooks! I thought they would me kill
 With laughing at their comic phizzes.
 Ha, ha, ha, &c.

After that in love I fell,
 Love creates a deal of trouble;
 But my courtship, strange to tell,
 Only made my mirth redouble.
 I laugh'd, she frown'd, I laugh'd again,
 Till I brought her to her tether;
 Then she smiled—we wed, since then
 We mean to laugh through life together.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 We mean to laugh through life together!

102. BRITISH SAILORS.

British sailors have a knack,
 Haul away, yo ho! boys!
 Of pulling down a foeman's jack,
 'Gainst all the world, you know, boys!
 Come any odds, right sure am I,
 If we can't beat 'em, yet we'll try
 To make our country's colours fly,
 Haul away, yo ho! boys!

British sailors when at sea,
 Haul away, yo ho ! boys !
 Pipe all hands with glorious glee,
 While up aloft they go, boys !
 And when with pretty girls on shore,
 Their cash is gone, and not before,
 They wisely go to sea for more,
 Haul away, yo ho ! boys !
 British sailors love their king,
 Haul away yo ho ! boys !
 And round the bowl delight to sing,
 And drink his health, you know, boys !
 Then while his standard owns a rag,
 The world combined shall never brag
 It made us strike our country's flag,
 Haul away, yo ho ! boys !

103. THE MANIAC.

O take me to your arms, love, for keen the winds do blow,
 O take me to your arms, love, for bitter is my woe ;
 She hears not, she cares not, nor will she list to me,
 While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow-tree !
 I won both wealth and beauty, my joys seem'd ne'er to end,
 I won both wealth and beauty, and thought I'd won a friend ;
 But my wealth has flown, my friend is gone, my love he stole
 from me,
 While here I lie, alone to die, beneath the willow-tree !

104. TOM STEADY ;

OR, THE FALSE FRIEND.

Tom Steady own'd each bland sensation
 That worth and virtue could impart,
 The kindest thoughts of heaven's creation,
 Adorn'd his mild yet manly heart.
 Yet think not, though to love devoted,
 In milksop fashion, Tom, you view,
 His fault was, he too fondly doated
 On one who proved to him untrue.

The maid had own'd she lov'd no other
 So well as Tom, who, trebly blest ;
 To one he prized much more than brother,
 His confidence, his joy express'd.
 This *friend* (in friendship there's no saying
 What things may happen,) told the maid
 That Tom had been her love betraying,
 And kindly thus his friend betray'd.

The lass, indignant, left her lover,
 The *faithful* friend supplied his place,
 Nor yet did hapless Tom discover
 His loss, rejection, and disgrace,
 'Till friend and love from church returning,
 He met, array'd in gayest pride,
 He fell to earth with anguish burning,
 The neighbours jeer'd,—but THOMAS died !

105. WEDDINGS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

A wedding's a wedding the universe over,
 From Pekin to London, from Turkey to Dover ;
 Married folks are the same wherever they're born,
 From the Cape of Good Hope till you double Cape Horn.
 And sing Ballynamoro Oro,
 A snug merry wedding for me !

When a king means to wed, why he does it by proxy,
 And sends over a lord to espouse his fair doxy ;
 When a commoner marries, the bridegroom, poor elf,
 Is obliged to go through all the business himself.
 And sing Ballynamoro Oro, &c.

In Owhyhee, they say, there's a stick broke in two,
 If you look in Cooke's Voyage, you'll find it all true ;
 In England they never break sticks, it is said,
 But married folks often break each other's head.
 And sing Ballynamoro Oro, &c.

A soldier and lassie jump over a sword,
 A sailor and girl oft take each other's word,
 A Jew may espouse with his aunts and his cousins,
 And Turks buy their wives, like our chickens, by dozens.
 Sing Ballynamoro Oro, &c.

At a wedding in Ireland they're wond'rous frisky,
 With black eyes, bloody noses, punch claret, and whisky;
 In Scotland they've haggies, hodge-podge, and sheep's-head,
 And in Holland they smoke till they're all put to bed.

And sing Ballynamoro Oro, &c.

By whatever forms we are link'd to each other,
 May husband and wife live like sister and brother;
 Be the interests of Britain united for ever,
 Like folks that are married, to separate never.

Sing Ballynamoro Oro, &c.

106. EPITAPH ON MY FRIEND MICHAEL KELLY.

Here lies, and you seldom have met with his like
 For simple sincerity, goodnatured MIKE;
 His rich native humour, his purse, heart, and table,
 With genuine welcome he gave you while able;
 No sycophant he, as his actions will vouch,
 Yet, without any *disinclination* to CROUCH.
 To those who were "pleas'd to be pleas'd" few could bring
 More talent for rational mirth; let him sing,
 Say, mimic, or blunder, he kept up the ball;
 Was severe upon none, unaffected to all:
 He pleas'd by a manner completely his own,
 The theatre, festival, cottage, or throne;
 Placed high on a sixpenny seat, none so low
 But cried, "Bravo, Mike Kelly!" Or next, would you go
 To see Michael, where rank with philanthropy reign,
 You'd find to invite him his KING not disdain:
 Tho' puritan zeal Mike's profession should curse,
 Such self-esteem'd betters than him may be worse;
 For tranquil, nay, cheerful, to death he resign'd him,
 When he left many saints and more sinners behind him.

107. DRAWING THE LONGBOW.

Over port, pipe, or snuffbox, there's always some wight
 To tell a long story at club ev'ry night;
 Wanting wit at a pinch, the box helps a bad joke,
 Or, deficient in fire, he supplies ye with smoke.

Derry down.

Since we're told to believe only half what we hear,
 Ev'ry tale we attempt should from fiction be clear,
 Probability carefully keeping in view ;
 For example, I'll tell a short story or two.

Derry down.

Once a man advertized the metropolis round
 He'd leap off the Monument on to the ground ;
 But, when half-way down, felt some nervous attack ;
 Reflected, grew frighten'd, turn'd round, and jump'd back !

Derry down.

A boatswain, who ne'er had seen Punch or his wife,
 To a puppet-show went, the first time in his life ;
 Laugh'd, and wonder'd at ev'ry odd trick and grimace,
 When a barrel of gunpowder blew up the place !

Derry down.

Spectators and puppets were here and there thrown,
 When Jack, on a tree who had safely been blown,
 Took a quid, blew his whistle, and, not at all vex't,
 Cried, "Shiver me ! what will this fellow do next ?"

Derry down.

A bluff grenadier, under great Marshal Saxe,
 Had his head cut clean off by a Lochaber axe ;
 But his comrade replaced it so nice ere it fell,
 That a handkerchief tied round the neck made all well !

Derry down.

His mem'ry was short, and his neck rather long,
 Which he'd bow thus, and thus, when he heard a good song ;
 And, one night, beating time to the tale I tell you,
 He gave such a nod—that away his head flew !

Derry down.

I could tell other stories, but here mean to rest,
 Till what you have heard may have time to digest ;
 Besides, ere my narrative verse I pursue,
 I must find better subjects, and EQUALLY TRUE.

Derry down.

108. *On MR. BANNISTER'S giving the Author the Prompt-book of the Comedy of "The World," after performing in it for the last Time, and taking leave of the Audience.*

In early life to tread the stage
 Jack would have given the *world*—(receive it
 As genuine truth,)—when past his youth,
 He freely gave "The World" to leave it.

109. THE BARD OF POOR JACK.

One sigh for the bard by philanthropy fired,
 Who ne'er wrote but some truth to impart,
 Whose Muse, while pourtraying what Nature inspired,
 Brought ev'ry touch home to the heart;
 On his plain honest lay, fools would censure intrude,
 Forgetting the theme of his song
 Was the "Heart of a Tar," or the "Billows so rude,"
 Which bore his trim vessel along;
 But grumblers can seldom achieve ought beyond
 The false taste which directs their attack;
 And till pedants can rail Nature's "seal from his bond,"
 They'll ne'er injure the BARD OF POOR JACK!

Ye fair ones who love the bold sons of true blue,
 Your hearts will be ever allied
 To him who ne'er yet breath'd a verse, but which you
 Might approve, and this fact was his pride:
 His harp's speaking melody ne'er own'd a strain
 Which could poison convey to the ear,
 Make semblance of pleasure a passport to pain,
 Or "cause ruin'd beauty a tear!"
 If mirth, with sound moral commingled, may claim
 Recollection, his Muse ne'er will lack
 The wreath of true genius which justly earn'd fame
 Entwines for the BARD OF POOR JACK!

Ye tars of our island, what "Saturday night,"
 Tho' waves roll, and weather blow hard,
 Shall call you to toast her in whom you delight,
 Without some grateful thought of the bard?

While the can circles gaily, give one manly sigh
 To him who recorded your worth,
 And who, tho' "gone aloft," will with *you* never die,
 But in each seaman's heart find a berth;
 And you, brother Britons, met nobly to-day,*
 With applause his past merits to back,
 With delight will oft think of each patriot lay,
 Which "POOR CHARLES" sung to solace "POOR JACK!"

110. SHELAH'S CONFESSION.

When Paddy Mulvaney comes courting to me,
 When his person I hear, and his sweet voice I see,
 I'm so fond of the sight, and so pleas'd with the sound,
 That I wish he would stay with me all the year round.

Then when Father O'Rafferty takes us to church,
 And leaves Judy and Norah and all in the lurch,
 Oh then, when in wedlock's soft chains we are bound,
 Why, we'll have a honeymoon all the year round.

111. SONG.

Sung by the Author at an Anniversary of Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

TUNE—*The Lamplighter.*

In times not very long gone by, you heard a bard with glee
 Whose lyre, howe'er I dare to try, will feebly sound from me;
 Father and I, it plain appears, unequal powers display,
 The difference is, he wrote for years, and I but for to-day!

The world's a stage, as Shakspeare told; we're actors, and no
 more,
 And many a Yorick now lies cold who made the table roar;
 "Act well your part," the poet says, "There all the honour
 lies,
 And he acts best who helps to raise fall'n genius ere it dies!"

* This song was written for the meeting which proposed the erection
 of a monument to the bard's memory.

“The drama’s law,” so taste decrees, “the drama’s patrons
give,”

And folks, ’tis said, “should live to please, who only please
to live;”

Then think of those whose lives must be devoted still to you,
And who, while here you’re *sans souci*, perhaps are *sans six-
sous*.

Those ages dark, thank fate! are past, of buskins, masks, and
socks,

When burley justices set fast the wearers in the stocks;
And now a luckier Thespian set this lib’ral room presents,
Who, if any stocks they get, ’tis in the three per cents.

Yet some there be whom fate denies to join those luckier
ranks,

And many who deserve a prize are doom’d to draw but
blanks;

Then let us strive, as brethren should, their hapless lots to
mend,

And those *not* brethren, be so good as each to prove a friend.

Some village HAMLET want may bow, or turn OTHELLO pale,
Some “mute inglorious” NORVAL now may tell an humbler
tale;

O’er RICHARD’S woes a balm pray shed: let gold enrich the
tear,

To give JANE SHORE a loaf of bread, and furnish JULIET’S
beer (bier.)

May timely prudence, heav’nly maid! impart her cautious
pow’r,

And bid us seek a timely shade against misfortune’s hour;
And, patrons, ever blest be you, whose gifts our cares dispel,
Till prompter Time shall take his cue to ring life’s curtain-bell.

112. SAM SPLICEM.

SAM SPLICEM, d’ye mind me? is one of those boys

Who from dangers and duty ne’er flinches,

He as well can sail through the world’s bustle and noise

As any tight lad of his inches;

For Sam had a sweetheart, and meant to be wed,
 Till a trifling accident knock'd up his plan,
 He found she had married another instead ;
 But his courage he boldly pluck'd up like a man :
 " Let her go if she will, 'tis but folly to sorrow,
 " If a storm comes to-day, why a calm comes to-morrow !"

Sam sail'd to the Indies, and safely came back,
 After braving hard knocks and foul weather,
 Of rupees in his chest he had more than a lac,
 And his heart was as light as a feather ;
 While himself and his treasure were hoisting on shore,
 A pressgang prevented his reaching the land,
 And his chest of rupees he set eyes on no more,
 For the rogues knew the value of what they'd in hand :
 Yet it cost honest Sam little more than a sigh,
 " For," says he, " all this here will rub out when it's dry !"

Sam once more returned with his pockets well lined,
 Yet his cloth was too shabby for wearing,
 So determined no more it should shake in the wind,
 From a bum-boat he purchased repairing ;
 Then when Sam was new-rigg'd, his old trowsers despised,
 He threw into the sea—when a thought struck his nob,
 And sure no poor devil was e'er so surprised,
 When he found all his cash had been left in the fob !
 Some folks would have died, but our Sam had more sense,
 " For," says he, " 'twill be all one a hundred years hence !"

Sam was going again for fresh rhino to work,
 When his uncle, a lucky wind falling,
 Left Sam all his wealth, for the terrible Turk
 With Old Davy for cash had no calling ;
 Then Sam, having gold, didn't long want a wife,
 And, what's better, his lass to her sailor proves true ;
 With his girl and his grog he floats easy thro' life,
 And laughs at the troubles he formerly knew :
 " For," says Sam, " on this maxim you'll safely depend,
 " When things come to the worst, they'll be *sartain* to
 mend !"

113. *Written in the Temple of Flora, in the Grounds of Sir R. C. Hoare, at Stourhead, Wilts.*

For many a calm reflective hour
 Enjoy'd around thy lovely banks,
 Reject not, silver-headed STOUR,
 A wand'ring minstrel's heartfelt thanks.
 Ye too, of nymph and dryad train,
 Who, unbeheld, around me play,
 To you I dedicate the strain,
 The grateful, tho' unpolish'd lay.
 And thou, the master of this scene !
 Whose attic and Lavinian taste
 Adorn alike the alley green,
 The grot retired, or mimic waste,
 Could but my glowing thoughts appear
 With wish'd-for force in every line,
 A second MARO thou should'st hear,
 Nor less than MANTUAN praise be thine.

114. THE MUFFIN MAN.

While your opera squallers fine verses are singing,
 Of heroes and poets, and such-like humguffins,
 While the world's running round like a mill in full sail,
 I ne'er trouble my head with what other folks ail,
 But careless and frisky my bell I keep ringing,
 And walk about merrily crying my muffins.
 Lilywhite muffins ! O rare crumpets ! [cakes !
 Smoking hot Yorkshire cakes ! Hot loaves and Prussian
 One a-penny, two a-penny, Yorkshire cakes !
 What matters to me that great folks run a-gadding,
 For politics, fashion, and such botheration ?
 Let them drink as they brew, while I merrily bake,
 For, though I sell muffins, I'm not such a cake
 To let other fools' fancies e'er set me a-gadding,
 Or burthen my thoughts with the cares of the nation.

SPOKEN.—No, no, I neither buy nor sell your *Parliament cakes*, but content myself with—

Lilywhite muffins, &c.

Let soldiers and sailors contending for glory
 Delight in the rattle of drums and of trumpets,
 Undertakers get living by other folks dying,
 While actors make money by laughing and crying;
 Let lawyers with quips and with quiddities bore ye,
 It's nothing to me while I'm crying my crumpets!

SPOKEN.—What do I care for lawyers? An't I a baker, and Master of the Rolls myself? droll enough too, for a Master of the Rolls to be crying—

Lilywhite muffins! O rare crumpets! [cakes!
 Smoking hot Yorkshire cakes! Hot loaves and Prussian
 One a-penny, two a-penny, Yorkshire cakes!

115. THE MARGATE STEAM-YACHT.

Teakettles are beautiful things,
 And ladies delight in their boiling O!
 How sweetly a teakettle sings,
 The cares of old ladies beguiling O!
 But who would have thought with so little trouble
 They'd ever be brought to simmer and bubble,
 From Dublin Bay to Parkgate O!
 Or over the waves so merrily, merrily,
 To the tune of Ahoy! for Margate O!

SPOKEN.—“Come, my merry passengers, you may breakfast, dine, sup, and boil your own *paraties*.” “What, in the steam? O dear, how clever and convenient! I dare say one might wash and iron into the bargain.” “To be sure, ma'am, you may.”

O'er waves so merrily, merrily, merrily,
 To the tune of Ahoy! for Margate O!

Only think what a help to the Indian trade,
 When steamboats, would you think it, O?
 Shall not only bring tea, but that tea *ready made*,
 For all folks inclined to drink it, O!
 Fear of waves and winds no longer prevailing,
 For nobody minds the danger of sailing,
 From Dublin Bay to Parkgate, O!
 Or over the waves so merrily, merrily,
 To the tune of Ahoy! for Margate, O!

SPOKEN.—“But, Captain, what would be the consequence of an explosion?”—“In *that* case, ma’am, you’d have *this* advantage: if you go *up*, you lose all fear of going *down*!”—“But if we don’t get in to-night, where shall we stop to sleep?”—“Oh, we shall sleep as we go along.”—“What? sleep with all these young ladies? I should be quite ashamed!”—“O dear! O dear!”—“What the devil’s the matter?”—“Matter! why, there’s a great big salmon got in among the wheels, and he’s just like a fish out of water!”—“Ah, but he’s in hot water now, and when he’s done we’ll have him up, while!”—

O’er the waves so merrily, merrily, merrily,
We go by the hoy to Margate, O!

Then to see the folks the deck who throng,
While paddles, in time to music, O!
Keep gracefully moving to ev’ry gay song,
Or dance, if you happen to choose it, O!
The ladies fair so sweetly talking,
Though some of ’em *reel* a little in walking,
From Dublin Bay to Parkgate, O!
Or over the waves so merrily, merrily,
To the tune of Ahoy! for Margate, O!

SPOKEN.—“What time shall we get *in*, Captain?”—“A little before you get *out*, my lady!”—“Holloa! the gemman with the phosphorus bottle in his pocket is all on fire! put him out! put him out! put a rope round his waist!”—“O dear! you’ve put it round his neck; and now, if you throw him overboard, he’ll be burnt, hang’d, and drown’d into the bargain!”—“Will he? O, that’s nothing to the pleasures of a steamboat, which goes!”—

O’er waves so merrily, merrily, merrily,
To the tune of Ahoy! for Margate, O!

116. THE DINNER.

By the world it is said, as we’ve all heard and read,
That our nation’s much given to think;
Yet we cannot disown that John Bull’s also prone
To have plenty to eat and to drink.
Be the bus’ness what it may that comes in our way,
A feast brings each man to his tether;
All our plans we digest, with the food we love best,
And draw corks and conclusions together.

SPOKEN.—“This dinner, gentlemen, is for this meeting of creditors: how will the poor man cut up?”—“Better than you do, for you’ve spoil’d that duck entirely.”—“Now I can’t think what ruin’d him.”—“Champagne,

if you please, sir.'—"What's the toast?"—"I thought he had been done up by"—"The ladies! you astonish me! Then I'll give you, 'May the poor debtor who gives up every thing keep his honesty; and the rich man never try to deprive him of it.'"

Thus hobbing, nobbing, song and toast,
And sentiment combining,
We troubles, cares, and fears forget,
While merrily we're dining.

If things of great weight, in the law, church, or state,
Are thus followed by feasts, as we hear;
On occasions so gay as a snug wedding-day,
We of course expect pretty good cheer.
And, some time after that, when with frolicsome chat,
At the christ'ning each gossip so merry,
To the hostess and host freely quaff ev'ry toast
In claret, Madeira, and sherry.

SPOKEN.—"What a nice entertainment! and what a happy couple!—very happy! and, as for the husband—never saw such a goose in all my life! How that Miss Yellowleaf does eat! No wonder she don't get a husband."—"Husband! why, she's been help'd three times already."—"Those are nice birds!—how are all your young ladies?"—"Very nice, but rather too little dress'd, I think."—"D'ye think so; why then, I'll give you, 'Success to the cause of our meeting this evening.'"

Thus hobbing, nobbing, &c.

When politics tease, or when lawsuits displease,
By advertisement gaily we meet;
And each voice we may raise, to dislike or to praise
Votes, that think what we may, we must eat.
When an old friend of mine, where I oft used to dine,
Left this world, which he once was the pride of,
His heirs gave a feast to ten doctors at least,
To consult about what 'twas he died of.

SPOKEN.—"Gentlemen, you all agree the patient is dead!"—"Dead! yes, and so will that wine be if you don't put a stopper into the decanter."—"I think his complaint must have arisen from—too much pepper in that ragout, doctor—or probably he died of—a devil'd gizzard for Doctor Jellybag."—"I wish I had been called in sooner."—"So do I,—for there's nothing worth eating left upon the table. Well, every thing that *could* be done *was* done."—"That I deny, for the pork griskin wasn't warm through: but what would *you* have recommended, doctor?"—"A bumper, and no skylights!"

Thus hobbing, nobbing, song and toast,
And sentiment combining,
We troubles, cares, and fears forget,
While merrily we're dining.

117. THE KING AND THE PEOPLE.

'Twixt the crown and the nation were confidence dead,
 'Twould be like a man's body cut off from his head,
 A pond out of fish, or a loaf without bread,
 Or without any church a high steeple.
 May the king love the people, the people the king,
 May he who loves neither receive his *full swing*,
 While the lads of each island shall merrily sing
 Success to the king and the people!

Let's stick close together, for if we divide,
 We do that which to make us our foes have long tried,
 So the straighter we'll go while we're all on one side,
 While on their own heads may they heap ill;
 Who envy our nation as much as it thrives,
 May their whisky be weak, discontented their lives,
 May they run from their foes, to be beat by their wives,
 Who wish ill to the king and the people!

118. THE TORTOISESHELL TOM CAT.

WRITTEN FOR MR. BANNISTER.

Oh what a story the papers have been telling us
 About a little animal of mighty price!
 And who ever thought but an auctioneer of selling us,
 For near three hundred yellow boys, a trap for mice?
 Of its beauties and its qualities no doubt he told 'em fine
 tales,
 But as for me I'd just as soon have bought a cat-o'-nine-tails;
 I wouldn't give for all the cats in Christendom so vast a fee
 To save 'em from the catacombs, or Cataline's catastrophe;
 Kate of Russia, Katterfelto's cat, and Catalani,
 Are ev'ry one by this outdone, as you shall hear.

SPOKEN.—“Imagine Mr. Catseye the auctioneer, with a catalogue in one hand, and a catapult-looking hammer in the other, mounted in the great room in Cateaton-street.—Leds and Gemmen: cats are of two distinctions, tom and tabby, and this is the only instance in which I have seen beauty monopolised by a male! What a magnificent mouser! meek,

though masculine! His curious concatenation of colour calls categorically on you to consult your *feline* bosoms, and bid me knock him down."

Ladies and gentlemen, a-going, going, going:
No sum for Tommy Tortoiseshell can prove too dear!

Next I should tell you, the company around him

Emulously bid as if they all were wild;

TOM thought 'em mad, while they king of kittens crown'd him,

And kiss'd, caress'd, and dandled him just like a child.

Lady Letty Longwaist and Miss Gregoria Griskin,

Prim Polly Pussylove, Miss Scratch, and Biddy Twiskin,

Killing Kitty Crookedlegs and neat Miss Nelly Neverwed,

Solemn Sally Stokes, who "yes" to no man ever said;

Crowding, teasing, bidding, squeezing, each for puss so
eager cry

Have TOM they would, by all that's good, as you shall hear!

SPOKEN.—"Och! how beautiful he looks when he shuts his eyes!
Forty-five guineas in fifty places! Sixty! seventy! eighty! ninety!
—Go on, ladies! 'twould make a cat swear if he should go for so little!
If the Countess of Catamaran were here, she'd not be made a cat's paw of,
but would let you see how the cat jumps in less time than I can say—

Ladies and gentlemen, a-going, going, going!
No sum for Tommy Tortoiseshell will prove too dear!

Now louder and warmer the competition growing,

Politeness quite lost sight of in the grand fracas—

"A hundred! two hundred and thirty-three! a-going!

"Gone!" Never cat of talons met with such *e-claw*!

Nay, nine or ten fine gentlemen were in the fashion caught
as well

As ladies in their bidding for this purring piece of tortoise-
shell;

The buyer bore him off in triumph after all the fun done,

And bells rung as when Whittington and cat were mayors
of London;

Mice and rats flung up their hats to think that cats so scarce
were,

And mouse-trap makers rais'd their price full cent. per cent.

I swear, sir;

Oh! what a cat! what a pretty Tommy Tortoiseshell,

The like of Tommy Tortoiseshell we ne'er shall see!

119. PAWLEY'S;

OR, THE WHITE HART TO A DARK-COLOURED TUNE.

*Written impromptu, for a friendly Anniversary, January, 1833, and
might be sung at any other White Hart on a similar occasion.*

I knew by the smoke which so gracefully curl'd
From a kitchen as snug as the best in the world,
I the WHITE HART at Bromley shall see;
I guess'd what a welcome awaited my ear,
When PAWLEY with good-humoured smile should appear;
And I knew, let things happen however they would,
His intentions would be that our fare should be good,
At the WHITE HART in Bromley, so free.

Most travellers hail it the sign of good luck,
And though some choose the *doe*, and the *deer*, and the *buck*,
The WHITE HART at Bromley for me!
Where, when you have dined, what dessert can present
A cherry like some of the primest in Kent,
For of all Kentish cherries to epicures known
By the flavor, the colour, the stalk, or the stone,
The WHITE HEART's the cherry for me!

I knew, if our president wished for a song,
The Muse in composing it wouldn't be long,
If a WHITE HEART the subject might be!
Tho' whitest of *hearts* often meet with a rub,
A handful of *trumps* here embellish our *club*,
With wine like a *diamond*; and may our host's trade
Increase, till old Time puts to bed with a *spade*
The WHITE HEART at Bromley, so free!

If friendship in man be a prize to desire,
It only can spring from what truth may inspire
In a WHITE HEART and spirit so free!
Or, if for complexion in beauty you sigh,
When caught by the charm of a sparkling eye,
Tho' that eye may be azure, celestial, or black,
As fancy may paint, yet your fair mustn't lack
A WHITE HEART, tho' merry it be!

In short, through this up-and-down world 'twill be found
Every good that embellishes life must abound

In a WHITE HEART, and spirit so free.
And after my song, should you ask for a toast,
Having drank royal Hearts, who in peace rule the roast,—
Here's our Chairman, our Vice, Wives and Sweethearts so free,
Our Host, and, though last, not the least, Mrs. P.
And all WHITE HEARTS wherever they be!

120. CHARLEY LAVELL, THE TURNPIKE-MAN.

“He that would thrive must rise by five,”
For my part, I rise pretty soon;
And, early or late, I open the gate,
Be it evening, morn, or noon.
To tory, or to whig, coach, cab, cart, or gig,
“Pay here, sir!” is always the plan,
And through the gate they pass, while I'm pocketing the
brass,
Like a very merry turnpike-man.

What lots hurry through, to race or review,
Or when milling's the sport of the day;
Hacks, ponies, and tits, lords, flashmen, and cits,
So dashing, so spruce, and so gay!
While ticket in hand, I'm ever at my stand,
With “Pay here, sir! your paper or pay!”

SPOKEN.—“How much, Pikey?”—“Four-pence!”—“Can't you make it less?”—“What's the letter?”—“Letter! O, I C what U R! Y do you X? you'd better mind your P's and Q's! Come G up, or I shall W, and make your bones full of H's!”—“Coachman! there's the pole of a barouche coming through the back of our chariot?”—“Never mind, sir! my pole's through the next!”—“I say, you Mounseer, I sha'n't let go your bridle till you come down with the bit!”—“Sare, I shall not come down at all! ainstantly let go my horse, or presently I shall whip your face!”—“You whip! come that's a good 'un.”

So through the gate they pass, while I'm pocketing the
brass,
Like a very merry turnpike-man.

121. THE NEWSPAPER.

I wants a place, and who does not ?
 I wish I'd as good as zum folk a got,
 I'd not disagree for a guinea or two,
 If I'd plenty o' money, and nothing to do ;
 Zuppose in the paper I takes a look,
 Why 'tis like all the world written down in a book ;
 Here's wanting, and wanted, and news rather old,
 And much to be given, and more to be sold.

READS.—“Persons and property protected in the — flying Mercury Mail, which be overturned every morning, at the corner of Rattlebone-lane—and every soul on board, except the purser—committed to hard labour—at a public dinner, where the chairman drank—fifteen hogsheads of London Particular Madeira, which is to be sold without reserve—with a child's caul, the property of a lady who has no further occasion for it.

Then there's politics, law, and each blank a great prize,
 Besides a few more unaccountable lies.

Here's doctors will cure, be the matter what will,
 And empty your pockets with wonderful skill ;
 Here's law versus logic, and bills of the play,
 With fashions and fires, and Martin and Day ;
 Here's dye for the hair, and the wig club so rare,
 Selling off at prime cost, and a hint to the fair ;
 Here's novels and poems by dozens and scores,
 The learned pig Toby, and other great *bores*.

READS.—“To be sold by auction, a —young woman, who lived three years and a half in her last place, and is—warranted to go 1000 miles in 100 hours—at forty-one shillings per chaldron pool measure—from the Swan with two Necks, Lad-lane, where places for the—boxes may be taken, and—no questions ask'd—the landlord being —condemned to receive 100 lashes, the same was—shared in two quarters, three eighths, and two sixteenths, with

Politics, law, and each blank a great prize,
 Besides a few more unaccountable lies.

122. MORBID SENSIBILITY ;

OR, THE POET AND THE MOTH.

Lock'd up in my study, with pen, ink, and paper,
 The fire which my fancy created,
 One tumbler of grog, a cigar, and a taper,
 The Muse's commands I awaited.

I found her (*invita Minerva*) inclined
 To grant only dulness, or froth;
 When "a change in my visions" came over my mind,
 Thro' that silly intruder, a MOTH.

It wasn't a *cricket*, but more like a *bat*,
 As it singed its poor wings in the flame,
 While annoy'd, and reflective, I musingly sat,
 And began to the moth to exclaim—

"Perhaps you're a lover,"—but that thought is stale;
 "Perhaps you're a critical elf,
 "Adventuring minds more illumed to assail,
 "Forgetting to look to yourself."

The down from its wings o'er my manuscript flew,
 As gasping, it fell on my verse;
 And seem'd to say "Crush me!" thinks I if I do,
 I'll be—(something unpleasant, or worse;)

To the moth I gave safety, and, proud of *that* act,
 Wrote *another*, with self-applause cramm'd;
 Felt assur'd of success, but, to state a plain fact,—
 The moth died, and my drama was d—d.

123. THE BARON AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Donder Don Dronck was a baron of old,
 His daughter was pretty, his castle well fortified,
 He was fond of them both, but lov'd better his gold,
 In parting with which he was always much mortified.
 Be his son-in-law wealthy, he didn't care which,
 So pick'd up with an ugly old son of a — rich
 Old, cold, knight, tho' so bold,
 He was, yaw, Mynheer! fam'd for his wealth over Yarmany.

Vanderman Ganderman had a pug nose,
 A hump on his back, and (tho' little he thought of it,)
 His legs up and down, in the shape of two bows,
 Put one in mind of the long and the short of it.
 His eyes, wall and winky, their lustre did waste
 On the baron's fair daughter, who, having more taste,
 Cried Oh, no! I could not wed so,
 Oh Mynheer! No Mynheer, not for all Yarmany.
 There might be a reason, and if you'll but wait
 I'll tell it you; why, this young lady, no fickler
 Than others, to crooked-legg'd men preferr'd straight,
 Which, perhaps you'll allow, was not over partickler;
 But the fact was, that Albert Augustus Von Groot
 Had, a short time before, got the length of her foot,
 With his, "Mine frow, I can't tell you how,
 But my love soars above all the barons' in Yarmany!"
 The baron Don Dronk and the son of his choice
 O'er two gallons of hock sat them down with a notary,
 While tight little Albert, who had a sweet voice,
 Sang to the lady, like Cupid's own votary;
 And while with the lawyer dad bother'd his head,
 The lovers ran off to a parson instead,
 Who cried, "Oh, ho! thro' a ring you must go!
 "Yaw, Mynheer! that we will, spite of all Yarmany!"

124. ELEGY

*In a London Churchyard, on the dolorous Demise of JOHN CHESHIRE,
 Esq., P.H.E.O.N.,* the most eminent Man in his Line, who came to
 the End of his Tether, July 11th, 1830.*

SEPULCHRE tolls the knell of market-day,
 The lowing herds from Smithfield now are free,
 The drover homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the town to many a nightly spree.
 Now fades the glimmering streetscape on the sight,
 And all "that air" a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the butchers' carts *wheel* home their flight,
 And drowsy watchmen *fill* the *empty folds*.†

* Principal hangman and executioner of Newgate.

† Irish antithesis.

Save that from yonder gaol without a tower,
 The sleepy turnkey grumbling, doth complain
 Of such as knocking at too late an hour,
 Molest his iron, arbitrary reign.

In yonder rugged walls for safety made,
 Where giant rag-stones frown in pond'rous heap
 Each in his narrow cell, till trial laid,
 The rude disturbers of our *sovereigns*, sleep.

Perhaps in these neglected cells are laid
 Some hearts once pregnant with *mercurial* fire,
Hands that the very devil might have play'd,
 And *tongues* that still may grace a living *lyar*.

Some *untried* TURPIN, who with dauntless breast
 The double-barrels of police withstood,
 Some unpledg'd embryo THURTELL here may rest,
 As yet unguilty of his victim's blood.

The *breezy* call of WATCH! at midnight morn,
 The pocket plunder'd in some gambling shed,
 The Charley's rattle, or the mail-coach horn,
 No more shall send them grumbling home to bed.

For them no more shall pistol-priming burn,
 Nor flush-purs'd fencemen* ply their ev'ning care,
 Nor buxom blowings hail their rich return,
 And frisk their fobs, the envied swag to share.

Oft did bright BRAMAHS to their picklocks yield,
 Their *Jemmies* oft the stubborn bar have broke,
 How jocund did they fan their prads a-field,
 How bow'd the traveller to their sturdy stroke.

Let not the *honest* mock their daring toil,
 Their gin-fed joys, in back slum, ken, so big,
 Nor rum-beaks hear with magisterial smile
 The short, but flashy annals of a prig.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 A better or more useful lesson teach,
 Than, when he's dead, and die we know he must,
 A gallant cracksman's last, last dying speech.

* Gentlemen who ease "minions of the moon" of their *spolia opima*,
 and who are vulgarly called receivers of stolen goods.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to those the fault
 That sometimes they are not inhumed at all,
 But scorn the *low* sepulture of a vault,
 And hang *re-corded* high in Surgeons' Hall.

Yet even these *bones*, that you may recollect,
 Some frail memorial is placarded nigh,
 To tell you how with halters they were deck'd,
 And *when* the *covies* suffer'd, and for why.

Their names, their years, some sessions-paper's Muse,
 "Behaviour, life, and character," supplies,
 And tells how "gaming, naughty girls, and booze,"
 Seduce the youth, who, without respite, dies!

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd fobs of gentry wear,
 And many a hopeful youth with hand unseen,
 Transfers them to his own peculiar care.

For *thee*, famed Johnny Ketch! now gone and dead,
 Who gave full swing to heroes of New-gate,
 Perchance by very odd excitement led,
 Some kindred NOOSEMAN may inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed file may say
 "Oft have I seen him at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing with hasty steps the mob away,
 To *lag* his men on execution-morn.

There on that spot, where dangled many a wretch,
 Whole felon forms were seen exposed on high,
 Their listless legs he'd pull, their necks to stretch,
 And quaff a quartern to their last "good-bye!"

Hard by each bar I've seen him reckless stand,
 The bar where thief is tried or liquor sold,
 At each, *half-measures* ne'er disgraced his hand,
 Where prisoner was young, or max was old.

One morn I miss'd him at the whipping-post,
 Down at the tap—and near old Tyburn-tree:
 Another came; and, what amazed me most,
 Nor in the dock, nor at the bar was he.

At length, with dirges due, in sad array,
 The ordinary gave him to the dust.
 Approach and read ; for thou canst read the lay,
 That is, if somebody should write it first.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head beneath the shades of night,
 An awful man—JOHN CHESHIRE, too well known,
 For *keeping in suspense* full many a wight,
 Whene'er the law had mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, as his soul sincere,
 He lov'd a *drop*, and tho' his heart was tough,
 He gave a health, whene'er he drank his beer,
 And ne'er denied the wretched—rope enough.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Nor ask where, living, 'twas he made abode ;
 His *line's* extinct, and now he takes repose
 Somewhere 'twixt Newgate and Old Tyburn Road.

125. DRAMATIC REMINISCENCES.

Oh, I have seen the SIDDONS, QUEEN of histrionic story,
 When she began, for Avon's swan, to weave new wreaths of
 glory ;
 And I have seen the JORDAN, QUEEN of Nature's truest
 sporting,
 To raise whose fame Thalia came, with Mirth and Love a-
 courting.
 And I have heard, like some sweet bird, the BILLINGTON
 surprising
 The raptured ear, which seem'd to hear the sweetest lark up-
 rising ;
 And I have known the comic throne delightfully divided
 By EDWIN, LEWIS, like them who is ? faith, I'm not decided :
 PARSONS and DODD, so truly odd, and darling DICKY
 SUETT,
 BANNISTER too brought authors through, when few folks
 else could do it ;

And I might sing of TOMMY KING, and others, though less
 thought on,
 As MOODY, that was always *Pat*, and sterling as DICK
 WROUGHTON,
 Who did the trick, like Johnnies QUICK, and PALMER? I yet
 tremble
 At how *Macbeth* plann'd *Duncan's* death, in hands of Johnny
 KEMBLE.
 If INCLEDON was less the *ton* than some, I beg to tell ye,
 'Twere *now* a treat such lads to meet, as him or kind Mik
 KELLY.
 Who doesn't sigh for EMER-Y, or JOHNSTONE, funny rogues,
 Or who is like, in TEAGUE or TYKE, to match their pair of
 brogues?
 And COOKE, and KEAN, I both have seen, from summer to
 October
 I'd sit, 'tis fact, to see them act, especially when sober.
 Dame MATTOCKS, we shall scarcely see thine equal in a
 hurry,
 Or Nature view, in guise more true, than thine, warm-hearted
 MURRAY.
 Like CROUCH who sung? or like Miss YOUNG, who acted?—
 We grew barren
 Of comic taste, when rank displaced from Drury Betsy
 FARREN.
 Those merry wights, a pair of KNIGHTS; and SIMMONS, when
they left us,
 What comic trine of "Auld lang syne" of more delight
 bereft us.
 We make less stir for WEWITZER, but when such worth
 adorn'd him,
 TOM COLLINS died, *Thalia* cried, and e'en his brethren
 mourn'd him.
 'Twere rhyming sadly, to bring in BADD'LY; yet nobody
 supposes,
 A *Charles* you'll see than SMITH more free, or beat the first
 in *Moses*.
 Nor let us rob poor PALMER BOB, of unpretending laurels,
 We needn't blush to laud his *Brush*, or fire, in *Lovers'*
Quarrels.
 Dear DAVENPORT, I pardon court, thy name so late to write
 it;

And thine, Dame PITT, 'twere yet less fit, thy grandson's
pen should slight it:

SPARKS! I owe yet their fire a debt, and SEDGWICK, ecce
signum,

'That I have not thy voice forgot, nor thine, my Charley
DIGNUM;

Or thine, with caxon fairly flaxen, who more could please
than *thou*, boy,

Tom BLANCHARD hight didst many a night, in merry little
ploughboy?

Bob ELLISTON, no idle son of genius, and his brother,
Joe MUNDEN, we may never see the like of one or t'other.

There's yet a few, whom once I knew—and others who have
known 'em,

Opine 'tis best, to let them rest—*nil mortuis nisi bonum*!

Of those not dead I've nothing said: may John Bull long
reward 'em,

But, should they die, and say "good-bye,"—*then* see how I'll
applaud 'em.

126. INCONSTANCY.

O where is my lover, so fickle and frail?

He vow'd to be constant to me,

Yet daily he tells to another the tale

Oft whisper'd beneath yon lov'd tree.

Those dew-sprinkled branches by nature must fade,

Those blossoms soon wither'd must be,

But affection, once plighted to man or to maid,

Should prove firm as the root of the tree.

127. DUET.

FAME, FREEDOM, AND THE FAIR.

When rous'd by invasion, of all we hold dear,

What breast can submit to the dictates of fear?

What impulse to glory can stimulate more

Than the FREEDOM we'd die for, the MAID we adore?

Aspiring to merit a nation's applause,

Let each man unite in what's ev'ry man's cause;

This bond of best union the grave shall not sever,

For FREEDOM who falls, shall in FAME live for ever!

128. ON THE MARRIAGE OF MISS TONGUE.

Talking she lov'd ; and better had she tarried :
For she was never Tongue-*tied* till she married.

129. LOVE AND POVERTY.

The hawthorn was blowing, all nature look'd gay,
Primroses were growing, birds sang on each spray ;
More sweet sang my true love, more sweet to my ear,
"I am waiting for you, love !" 'tis SPRING time of year !
In SUMMER I yielded a bride to be made,
But as leaves droop in AUTUMN, so pleasure may fade ;
For love without fortune gets chill'd by the frost,
And by WINTER, alas ! all my raptures were lost.

130. THE ASSIGNATION.

WRITTEN FOR MISS STEPHENS.

The silver queen, whose lovely ray
Illumes yon stream with mimic day,
Can warm this wakeful, anxious breast,
To meet my love when others rest.
When the fire-fly lights his cold pale lamp,
And the storm-bird sleeps in the sedgy swamp,
When the pearl-fish on the waters play,
My love to me will haste away.

131. FOUR AND TWENTY PUPPET-SHOWS.

There were four and twenty puppet-shows all of a row,
Four and twenty puppet-shows all of a row.

SPOKEN.—"There were Punch and his wife going to heaven in a hand-basket, and the devil lighting 'em with a dark lantern for fear they should lose their way ; and there was the celebrated Signor Monsterini standing behind the door in a manner never yet attempted, and saying nothing at all in a foreign language for the information of the people."

Down below !

Because it was a holiday, therefore they would be merry.

Four and twenty gardeners, all of a row,
Four and twenty gardeners, all of a row.

SPOKEN.—“There were the rich gardeners at the west end of the town boasting of their large crops of salary, and the poor gardeners at the east end of the town without any salary at all, and no other crop than a plentiful one from the parsley-bed; and there they were crying, “Pray remember “us, poor gardeners!—with fine large onions a penny a rope—no more than “a penny to see Punch and his wife,” &c. &c.

Down below!

Because it was a holiday, therefore they would be merry.

Four and twenty lawyers, all of a row,
Four and twenty lawyers, all of a row.

SPOKEN.—“There were lord - chancellors, vice - chancellors, good judges, and bad judges, masters of the rolls, attornies, barristers, and bum-baileys—all a penny a rope—and the devil lighting ’em with a dark lantern, for fear they should lose their way, to see Punch and his wife, and the Signor Monsterini, &c.

Down below!

Because it was a holiday, therefore they would be merry.

There were four and twenty bakers, all of a row,
Four and twenty bakers, all of a row.

SPOKEN.—“There was fine chalk, flour, water, alum, and short-weight, making the fortunes of the bread-makers, biscuit-bakers, ginger-bread-bakers, muffin-bakers, masters of the rolls, barristers, and bum-baileys—and the devil lighting ’em with a dark lantern, for fear they should lose their way to the regions—

Down below!

Because it was a holiday, therefore they would be merry.

Four and twenty actors, all of a row,
Four and twenty actors, all of a row.

SPOKEN.—“There were the English actors all behind, and the foreign actors where they never were seen before, in the places of Tom Thumb, Alexander the Great, and Little Pickle; Sylvester Daggerwood, Dozey, Dumbiedikes, Macbeth, and Mungo, and Othello, with their faces black’d all over with—flour, alum, and short-weight, making the fortunes of, &c.

Down below!

Because it was a holiday, therefore they would be merry.

Four and twenty authors, all of a row,
Four and twenty authors, all of a row.

SPOKEN.—“There was, ‘Have you seen my *Evil Eye*?’ ”—“No sir, I was too busy bringing out my own ‘*King’s Fool*.’ “You can’t think what trouble I’ve had with my ‘*Wife’s Mother*?’ one part was too broad, another too long; one lady couldn’t study, a second couldn’t sing, and a

third, having undertaken the part of Othello,* had black'd her face all over with—chalk, flour, water, alum, and short-weight—to make the fortunes of the gingerbread-bakers, muffin-makers, masters of the rolls, good judges, bad judges, barristers, and bum-baileys—all a penny a rope—and the devil lighting them with a dark lantern, for fear they should lose their way to see—Punch and his wife, and the celebrated Signor Monsterini standing behind the door in a manner never yet attempted, and saying nothing at all in a foreign language about—French operas, Italian operas, German operas, pas seuls, pas deux, pas trois, and Paganini's—dancing the rope upon one string, jumping over a twopenny loaf without touching the bottom crust, and through a hogshead of claret, where, if he should stick in the middle, he'll drink his way through, for the entertainment of the people

Down below !

Because it is a holiday, therefore we must be merry !

132. THE LICENTIATE IN LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR MR. FAWCETT.

TUNE—*French Country Dance.*

Learned men, now and then, yield to very odd vagaries,
And tho' grave, still I have whimsies of my own ;
Soft sensations, palpitations, skip about my heart like fairies,
Slaves to beauty, 'tis our duty to support her throne.
For learned men, &c.

FLORA's eyes, by surprise, caught my fancy at TOLEDO,
Neighbours said, when we wed, what a lovely pair !
FLORA scolding, soon beholding, nought to conquer me could
she do,
Took to crying, I complying, kiss'd the weeping fair.
For learned men, &c.

FLORA died, how I sigh'd, vowing henceforth I'd live single,
Some said I, with one eye, laugh'd, and wept with t'other,
But LUCETTA, who knew better, came her tears with mine to
mingle,
Talk'd of FLORA, and wept o'er her, till we wed together.
For learned men, &c.

133. WRITTEN FOR MR. BRAHAM.

My heart with love is beating,
Transported by those eyes ;
From thee there's no retreating,
In vain your captive flies !

* Othello has recently been several times acted by a lady, at two of the minor theatres.

Then why such anger cherish?
 Why turn those eyes away?
 When, if you bid me perish,
 Alas! I must obey.

Could deeds my truth discover,
 Could valour win your charms,
 I'd prove myself your lover,
 Against a world in arms.

134. PARODY.

ROBBERS' DUET.—WRITTEN FOR "THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN."

Deserted by declining day,
 When weary wights benighted stray,
 From bush or thicket we appear,
 To scare the trav'ler's startled ear,
 With "Who goes there? Caitiff, quickly tell!
 "Your cash! or die!—Good-night! All's well!"

Or riding home from fair or feast,
 Some farmer, nodding o'er his beast,
 His wit o'ertopp'd by humming ale,
 The tipsy joskin we assail
 With, "Down! Your money quickly tell!
 "Your watch! Your notes!—Good-night! All's well!"

135. THE BIRD.

The bird in yonder cage confined
 Sings but to lovers young and true;
 Then pray approach, if you can find
 The picture suit—Ah, no! not you.

Goodnature only wakes the lay,
 A father kind the feat may do;
 Then pray approach, if you can say
 The picture suits—Ah, no! not you!

136. A SOLDIER'S LIFE.

THE MELODY BY THE AUTHOR.

"Who'll serve the King?" cried the sergeant aloud,
 Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd sweetly:
 "Here, master sergeant!" said I, from the crowd,
 "Is a lad who will answer your purpose completely."
 My father was a corporal, and well he knew his trade,
 Of women, wine, and gunpowder, he never was afraid.
 He'd march, fight, left! right!
 Front flank! centre rank!
 Storm the trenches, court the wenches,
 Lov'd the rattle of a battle;
 Died with glory, lives in story!
 And, like him, I found a soldier's life, if taken smooth and
 rough,
 A very merry, hey-down derry, sort of life enough.

"Hold up your head!" said the sergeant at drill,
 Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd loudly:
 "Turn out your toes, sir!"—Says I, "Sir, I will;"
 For a nimble-wristed round rattan the sergeant flourish'd
 proudly.
 My father died when corporal, but I ne'er turned my back,
 Till promoted to a halbert, I was sergeant in a crack.
 In sword and sash cut a dash;
 Spurr'd and booted, next recruited,
 Hob and Clod, awkward squad,
 Then began *my* rattan!
 When boys unwilling came to drilling:
 Till made the colonel's orderly, then who but I so bluff,
 Led a very merry hey-down derry sort of life enough!

"Homeward, my lads!" cried the general, "huzza!"
 Roll went the drum, and the fife play'd cheerly:
 To quick time we footed, and sung all the way,
 "Hey, for the pretty girls we all love dearly!"
 My father liv'd with jolly boys in bustle, jars, and strife,
 And, like him, being fond of noise, I mean to take a wife.

Soon as Miss blushes *y-i-s*,
 Rings, gloves, dears, loves,
 Bells ringing, comrades singing,
 Honeymoon finished soon ;
 Scolding, sighing, children crying !
 Yet still a wedded life may prove, if taken smooth and rough,
 A very merry hey-down derry sort of life enough !

137. BECAUSE SHE WAS POOR !

CLAUDINE liv'd contented, and peace was her lot,
 No care would have cross'd her abode,
 Hadn't LOVE, that destroyer, one day to her cot
 Unkindly shewn SORROW the road :
 To LOVE she unthinkingly open'd the door,
 But he soon laugh'd, and left her,—because she was poor !
 With just indignation she saw him depart,
 And perhaps had to fate been resigned,
 But LOVE, not contented with stealing her heart,
 Unkindly left sorrow behind !
 Ah why, silly girl, did she open the door
 To one who could leave her—because she was poor ?

138. THE GILDED PILL.

Now don't be cast down, for I swear
 By this hand, which I'd rather not take ;
 By those eyes, whose bright beams I can't bear ;
 By that tongue, which has oft made me quake :
 That, in spite of myself, I'm impell'd to your arms
 By a rich pair of pockets o'erflowing with charms.
 For better, for worse, and for life,
 Uncle's will says you must be my own ;
 But *my* will, my dear future wife,
 Would willingly let it alone :
 Yet, how can I help it, impell'd to your arms
 By a rich pair of pockets o'erflowing with charms.

139. ENTRE NOUS !

Your charms may of lovers attract you a crowd,
 But, in choosing, this truth keep in view,
 The man who loves dying, and sighing too loud,
 Means nothing at all—ENTRE NOUS !

The youth who says little, possessing a mind
 Unconquered by any but you,
 Take HIM, for more plausible outside, you'll find,
 Means nothing at all—ENTRE NOUS !

140. HEIGHO !

When gaily peep'd the morning
 To see night's shadows fly,
 My downy pillow scorning,
 With pleasure up rose I :
 In sportive glee pass'd all the day,
 Till one false youth came in my way ;
 And now I'm left to sigh and say,
 Heigho ! Heigho !
 Why did he come ? Why did he go ?
 And leave me to sigh ? Heigho !
 How could I guess that courting
 Hid danger in a charm ?
 No lamb around me sporting
 Thought less than I of harm.
 To mirth attuned, my heart was strung
 So high, that when my steps and tongue
 Should walk or talk, they danced and sung,
 Heigho ! Heigho !
 Why did he come ? Why did he go ?
 And leave me to sigh ? Heigho !

141. WOMAN'S APPROVAL.

WRITTEN FOR MR. INCLEDON.

The blast of war may loudly blow
 The note of animation,
 Yet, Valour, what inspires thy glow
 Like woman's approbation ?

Woman! without thy dazzling charms
 The world were wrapt in shade;
 Cold were the clarion's call to arms!
 And laurel'd wreaths would fade.
 Then, lovely sex, with magic smile,
 Still point our hopes, our cares beguile,
 While glory, love, and duty
 Shall warm, alarm,
 Inspire, and fire!
 To gain the meed of beauty!

142. GLEE.

IN LOVE, IN DEBT, AND IN LIQUOR!

We're three jolly boys as you ever have met,
 Who have fallen in LIQUOR, in LOVE, and in DEBT;
 Fortune cuts such strange capers, Od's heart! I could kick
 her,
 To think we're in LOVE, we're in DEBT, we're in LIQUOR;
 Our pain 's in the pocket, heart, head! What's above
 The torments of DRINKING, of DEBT, and of LOVE?

143. THE COLOUR OF THE WAVES.

WRITTEN IN 1799.

When the world first began, and some folks say before,
 As old NEPTUNE was quaffing his grog at the Nore,
 He cried out in his cups, "As my land is the sea,
 "'Tis high time to consult what its colour shall be."
 AMPHITRITE had been to drink tea at Sheerness,
 And had seen at the barracks a captain's spruce dress,
 To her husband she cried, as she flirted her fan,
 "Let its colour be red; do now, that's a dear man?"
 Neptune shook his rough locks, at his wife gave a frown,
 When his tailor call'd in with some patterns from town;
 He still was perplex'd, till he cast up his eye,
 And resolved that the ocean should match the bright sky.

Thus the sea, as philosophers know to be true,
 As it wash'd our white cliffs bore a fine azure hue,
 Till the laurel of Britain victorious was seen,
 To reflect on its surface, and change it to GREEN.

You may guess our opponents were sad at the sight,
 As the sea grew more *green*, our pale foes grew more *white*,
 And never beheld it but vex'd at the view,
 They scolded old Neptune, and cried out *mor-bleu* !

May its colour remain, and good luck to the boys
 Who o'er its salt surface through danger and noise,
 With HOWE, DUNCAN, and JARVIS, and NELSON maintain,
 That the tight little island *will* govern the main.

144. MY CHOICE.

I've fancied a dwelling, a neat spot of land,
 A table not poor, nor yet pompously grand,
 Where some of the dainties are drest by thy hand,
 For thou art my choice, dear charmer !

I've fancied a friend to make one of us three,
 Our pictures in little to sit on each knee;
 Grant this, and who will may live single for me,
 For thou art my choice, dear charmer !

I've fancied a shield from adversity's dart,
 In the sweet consolation thy smile would impart,
 And the balm thy lov'd lips would convey to my heart,
 For thou art its choice, dear charmer !

And I've fancied Prosperity's visits would be
 Of no other genuine value to me,
 Than his blessings to double, divided with thee,
 For thou art my choice, dear charmer !

145. THE LASS FOR A SAILOR.

The lass for a sailor is lively and free,
 Meaning *yes*, she would scorn to say *no*;
 Such a girl as would dangers encounter with me,
 When over the billows we go.

One on deck, when bright moonbeams bespangle the deep,
 Who would sing while the plummet we throw ;
 Or, while loud blows the wind, would unconsciously sleep,
 While over the billows we go.
 O had I for life such a free-hearted lass,
 I'd envy no mortal below ;
 On shipboard, or shore, time would merrily pass,
 As over life's billows we go.

146. *On the Marriage of GREATHEAD COATES, ESQ., a remarkably corpulent Gentleman, to MISS SPENCER, of Marlborough. The Ceremony performed by the Rev. A. TAYLOR.*

A TAYLOR tack'd the bridegroom to the bride,
 When little SPENCER to GREAT COATES was tied.

147. THE INSTITUTION OF THE MAGDALEN,

A. D. 1758.

The Rev. Dr. DINGLEY, assisted by HENRY FIELDING, ESQ., and the celebrated, though unfortunate Dr. DODD, were among the first whose warm-hearted ideas gave birth to this invaluable Institution.

'Twas darkest December, the frost-pointed sleet
 Was borne on the whirlwind, like ocean's white foam ;
 Fast closed was each door, and deserted each street,
 Save of wretches who wander devoid of a home.

'Twas the season of joy, when His memory sublime
 Who bled for our sins, and expired for our sake,
 Is hailed with rude mirth, ill beseeming that time
 Which should gratitude's sacred emotions awake.

The song, and the jest, and the story went round,
 By warm hearths, where the grape gaily circled about ;
 And, while on the ear burst loud merriment's sound,
 Mirth heard from *within* heighten'd mis'ry *without*.

Where the portal superb of an opulent lord
 With massy projection invaded the street,
 To share the cold shelter it's roof might afford,
 Two children of want took a sorrowful seat.

'Twas winter, I've said, yet thin garments of white
 The limbs of two shiv'ring females enfold;
 And keenly pass'd thro' them the blast of the night,
 As close to each other they shrank from the cold.

The transit of heat those fell liquids impart,
 Those liquids impregnate with murderous fire,
 Had ceas'd to inflame, and left colder each heart,
 From that warmth of the instant which glows to expire.

With voice scarcely human, so mournfully hoarse,
 Indignant in tone, yet suppressing a sigh,
One daughter of error address'd her discourse
 To the other, who scarce rais'd her tear-swollen eye.

"That my parents are living you've oft heard me say,
 "And, I hoped, uninform'd of their *EMILY's* fate;
 "They've discover'd me now, and a letter to-day
 "Offers pardon and home,—but the offer's too late."

"Ah, take it! accept it!" with eagerness cried
 The withering blossom who lean'd on her knee!

"Accept it!" "Oh never!" indignant replied
 Stern *EMILY*: once no one milder than she.

"Accept it!—encounter a mother's reproof,—
 "A sister's contempt,—a whole neighbourhood's scorn,—

"No! never again will I darken that roof,
 "Where, would I had never, ah never been born!

"My father so partial, so fond, none beside
 "Of his children so loved, so distinguished as I;

"He lived but for me, and for me would have died,
 "And, sooner than meet him, shall *EMILY* die.

"My brother, whose anger inflaming a mind
 "Once mild as an infant's, with vengeance too just,

"Like lightning, flew swift my seducer to find,
 "And mingled his treacherous blood with the dust.

"Will he too forgive? or will he too forget
 "That for my sake he wielded the murderous steel?

"No! his bosom must heave with those agonies yet,
 "His friend's breathless body first taught him to feel.

"Accurs'd be the tongue, tho' now silent in death,
 "Whose accents delusive my senses beguiled;

"Enveloping poison in flattery's breath,
 "To steal from her parents their once happy child.

- “ But, mem’ry avaunt ! why recur to the past ?
 “ Come, come, fellow-suff’rer, this coin is yet mine ;
 “ Shall souls form’d like ours turn coward at last ?
 “ At yon tavern we’ll drown the reflection in wine.”

Away like a maniac the frail one has fled,
 As, with counterfeit glee, a gay ditty she sung ;
 Her companion remain’d, while—faint, weary, half-dead,
 From her lips deadly pale were these sentences wrung :

- “ Had *I* but a parent ! had *I* but a home !
 “ A sister, a brother ; ah, had I a friend !
 “ No more in the streets would I comfortless roam,
 “ No more my long suffering conscience offend.

- “ Might industry succour the orphan bereft,
 “ How hard would I work for a morsel of bread ;
 “ But where shall the female by character left
 “ Find shelter to hide her disconsolate head ?

- “ For who will the voice of her agony hear ?
 “ Or who with relief will her misery bless ?
 “ Or who will believe that the tale is *sincere*
 “ Which tells of repentance *enforced by distress ?*”

By sobs interrupted, her accents grew weak,
 And many a tear fell congealed by the frost,
 As her sorrow-worn arm scarce supported her cheek ;
 Yet neither those tears nor those accents were lost.

A being, benevolence beam’d in his heart,
 And the stamp of that feeling his countenance bore,
 Overheard her sad ’plainings, unmingled with art,
 And vow’d to conduct her to virtue once more.

Nor did HE alone to *her* sorrows extend
 The hand of assistance, which led her to peace ;
 He became of *all* penitent suff’rers the friend,
 And created a home where their wand’rings might cease.

The mansion exists, to his ne’er dying fame,
 Which this appellation his memory gives,
 The “ FRIEND OF WRONG’D WOMAN,” great, glorious name !
 Which shall ne’er be extinct while humanity lives !

148. ANCIENT BRITISH LOVE SONGS.

COURTSHIP OF THE HIGHER RANKS.

Cædwalla to Edda.

By those raven-dyed ringlets that float round thy form,
 And circle that heaven thy beauties display;
 By that face like the sunbeam that peeps thro' the storm,
 Our hopes to encourage, our fears to allay:
 By that dove, dearest Edda, pourtrayed on thy breast,
 With one smile of assent let Cædwalla be blest!
 Druid chiefs my suit befriending,
 While the misletoe I twine,
 Let the sacred flame ascend,
 Say, shall Edda's charms be mine?

By the speed of my coursers in hunting and war,
 Whose trembling impatience for action I prize;
 By the scythes on my chariot, less dangerous far
 Than the shafts dearest Edda can dart from her eyes.
 By the groans of the wounded, the shades of the slain,
 I beseech thee, dear Edda, to shorten my pain!
 Holy druid chiefs befriending,
 While the misletoe I twine;
 See the sacred flame ascend,
 Edda must, and shall be mine.

EDDA TO CÆDWALLA.

Being the Answer of an ancient British Damsel in her Teens.

Chief of thy daring tribe, with pride I see
 Those looks, of late so dreadful to the foe,
 Soften to kindness when they bend on me,
 As melts, in cheering spring, the mountain's snow.

Yes, seek the altars of our warlike sires,
 With reverence bend before each hallow'd shrine;
 Pure be thy passion as their sacred fires,
 And, heaven approving, Edda shall be thine.

COURTSHIP OF THE CANAILLE.

My love's so like a fine field-day, no colour does she lack,
 But, varied as the rainbow gay, she's straiter in the back;
 Her nose is red, her lips are blue, her chin as green as grass,
 And what of saffron-coloured hue can ILLA'S neck surpass.

My heart how soft 'tis grown, to prove, next pris'ner I take,
 I'll shut him in an image, love, and burn him for thy sake;
 Or, should we e'er be put to flight, and savage foes give
 chase,
 I'll pierce thy bosom with delight, to save thee from disgrace.

THE MAIDEN'S REPLY.

My love, of pilfering Danes the dread, what warrior may
 abide,
 A lion's painted on his head, a dragon decks his side;
 A wolf grins lovely on his chest, a serpent twines his arms,
 And captives' hides, which form his vest, add softness to his
 charms.

When forth he strides with martial glee, no peasant dares to
 laugh,
 He wears a bull upon each knee, a cow on either calf;
 I know a little Druid's cell, I know the Druid too,
 And if we ask him, who can tell what gold for us may do?
 They say young lovers oft he weds, and, with a sacred bough,*
 Sprinkles cold water on their heads to warm the nuptial vow.

149. CHANSONETTE DE LA COUR DE HENRI VIII.

RECITATIVE.

Harry the Eighth sat pensive in his chair,
 And (by anachronism) sang this air.

Rex Canit.

O dear what will become of me?
 O dear what shall I do!
 There's nobody coming to marry me,
 Nobody coming to woo!

* The Mistletoe.

To KATH'RINE of ARRAGON married,
 I wouldn't have minded a pin,
 In wedlock with her to have tarried,
 But she was too nearly a-kin.

O dear what, &c.

Sweet BOLEYNE enamoured my fancy,
 She fix'd it one night at a ball;
 If you ask why I kill'd my poor NANCY,
 'Twas because she was no kin at all.

O dear what, &c.

ANNE of CLEVES from her brother next came,
 But a moment we scarcely were wed,
 When KATH HOWARD, another new flame,
 By winning my heart, lost her head.

O dear what, &c.

Widow PARR,* tho' not one of the worst,
 Is so very discreet, yet so free;
 That, unless I can bury her first,
 I'm afraid she'll live longer than me!
 Then O dear what will become of me,
 O dear what shall I do;
 There's nobody coming to marry me,
 Nobody coming to woo.

* This lady, whose "beauty raised her to a throne, and whose merit deserved two better husbands," wrote and published many Psalms, Prayers, Discourses, &c. "wherein," says the title-page, "the mynde is stirred patiently to suffer all afflictions here, to set at naught the vaine prosperitie of this worlde, and always to long for the everlastyng felicitie." She also published several letters; was not only learned, but a patroness of learning, interceding for, and saving the University of Cambridge, when an Act passed to throw all colleges into the king's disposal. Nicholas Udal, master of Eton, in his time, says, "it was then a common thyng to see young virgins so *nouzled* and trained in the studie of letters, that they willingly set all other pastyme at nought for learning sake."

150. QUEEN BESS.

Who made the land with joy abound,
And bade the merry bells ring round,
While thousands shout to see her crown'd ?

ELIZA.

Who liv'd the heroine of her time,
And gain'd a name with which to chime,
Perhaps you'll find a better rhyme

Than I, sir.

Who lov'd Lord Essex 'bove his peers,
And cut that head off (tho' with tears)
Of which, alive, she box'd the ears ?

O fie, sir ?

Whose merry maidens fared, with glee,
On beef and beer, not toast and tea,
Whenever hungry they might be,

Or dry, sir ?

Who rode on horseback to the coast,
Infusing valour in that host
Which gave Spain's proud Armada's boast

The lie, sir.

Who, not your decent ears to shock,
Swore that "by G— she would unfrock
" A bishop, and then give his flock

A wiser ?"

Whose policy and envy mean,
Mix'd up with cruelty and spleen,
Doom'd Scotia's lovely hapless queen

To die, sir ?

Who, in the robes of office clad,
None but downright good servants had,
For twice she'd never trust a bad

Adviser ?

Who, tho' a maid, 'twixt me and you,
 Could speak in Greek and Latin too,
 More than at many a college knew

A sizer!

What court with hers, which could reflect
 That blaze of art, which arms protect,
 By SIDNEY, RALEIGH, CECIL, deck'd,

Might vie, sir?

And, climax of a glorious age!
 Who first saw SHAKSPEARE's genuine page
 Give truth and nature to the stage?

ELIZA.

FINALE.

TUNE—Opening Air in the Deserter.

TO MY SUBSCRIBERS.

Your claims to my gratitude how shall I pay,
 Or balance accounts with your kindness aright,
 To accord with my feelings I little can say,
 For, justice to do them, expression's too light;
 Yet, lest silence might make me ungrateful appear,
 And in friendship's opinion my sentiments wrong,
 I have tried if the Muse
 Her faults may excuse,
 And your kindness endeavour to pay with a SONG.

May pleasure attend ye wherever ye go,
 And, strangers to care, may ye merrily live;
 By name may ye only unhappiness know,
 And enjoy ev'ry bliss that 'tis heaven's to give.
 May fruition anticipate every wish,
 May your social enjoyments be many and long,
 And your lives, till they end,
 May you cheerfully spend,
 And now I am come to the

END OF MY SONG.

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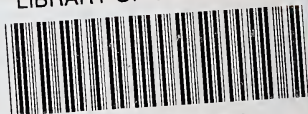
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